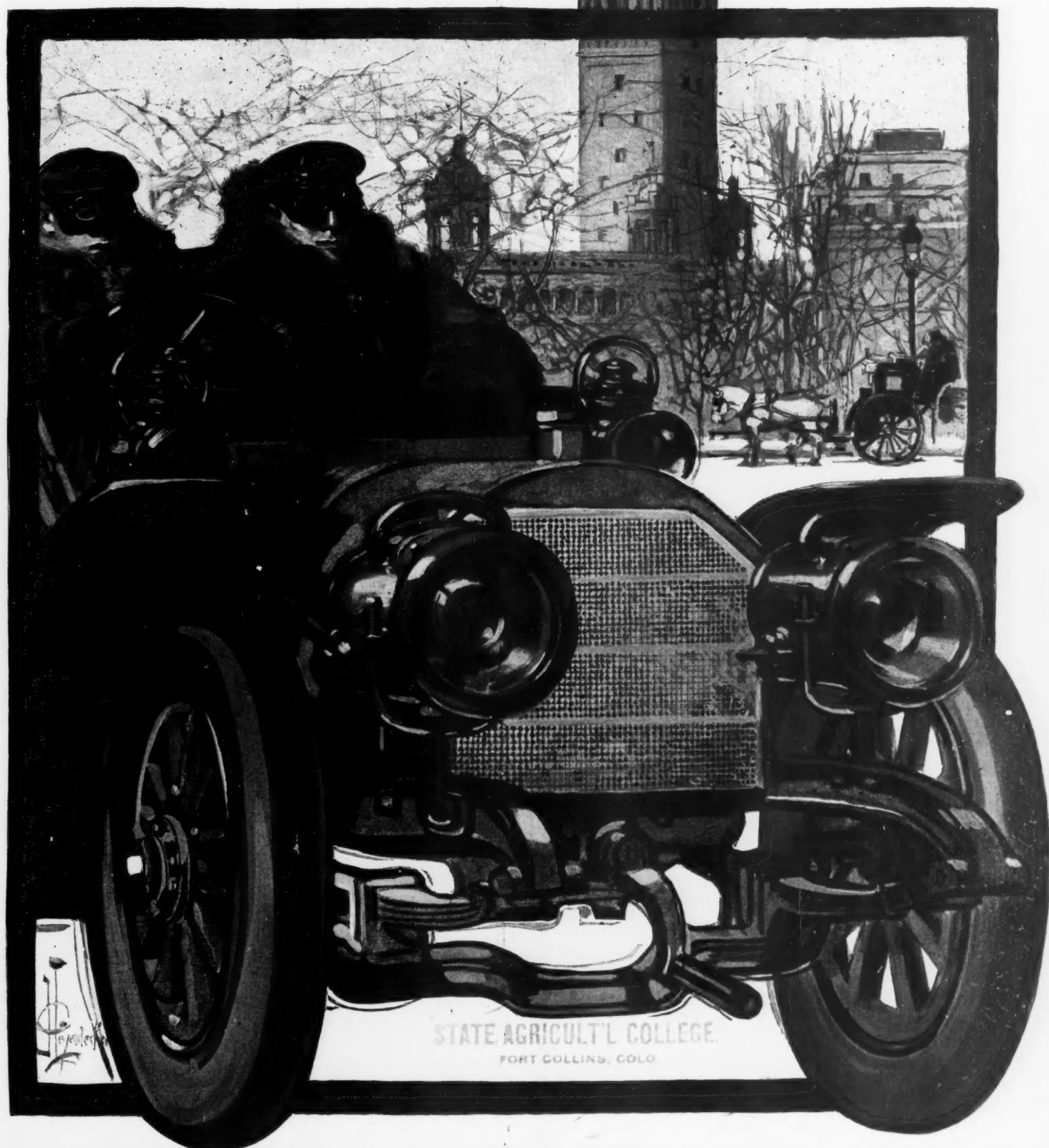


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



STATE AGRICULT'L COLLEGE
FORT COLLINS, COLO

VOL XXXVI NO 17

JANUARY 20 1906

PRICE 10 CENTS

17 JAN '06



At the Madison Square Garden Automobile Show the

OLDSMOBILE

centered public interest in the Palace Touring Car and The Two-Cycle. Both of these cars emphasize the wonderful development of automobile construction in America. In style they set a swift pace for European manufacturers, and in performance they leave nothing to be desired in the way of speed, reserve power, easy riding qualities and general all-round completeness. Careful attention to the minutest detail is apparent in every line from the perfected motor to the adjustable lamp brackets.

If you, as a Possible Buyer of an Automobile (the Probable Buyer of an Oldsmobile after you have investigated) are too busy just at this time to let us give you a demonstration of our 1906 models, you can make a note, mental or otherwise, of the points which mark the strong individuality of these cars—the superior quality and big value they represent on your money investment.

In general appearance the Palace Touring Car, Model S and The Two-Cycle, Model L are very similar, both conforming in design to the most approved European practice. The general lines of both cars are the same. Both have all the regulation outfit, sliding gear transmission, pressed steel frame, bevel gear drive, material of the best—everything that anyone has or wants to have and a number of features all our own.

The gasoline "motor"—the *life center* of the automobile—is merely a gasoline engine. We have built gasoline engines for 25 years, and we know this end of the business—know what *not* to build as well as what to build. The result of this experience is found in the motor equipment of every Oldsmobile.

The Four-Cylinder Motor of Model S is compact and free from complications; it is vertical, water cooled, located under hood, and perfectly balanced. The bore is $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches with $4\frac{3}{4}$ inch stroke, and the actual horse power

is from 26 to 28. The weight of the car is 2200 pounds. Wheel base 106 inches. Price \$2250.00 with complete lamp and horn equipment.

The Two-Cycle Motor is likewise vertical, water cooled and located under hood. Bore 5 inches, stroke 5 inches. **THERE ARE ONLY THREE WORKING PARTS IN THE MOTOR ITSELF.** If you don't know anything about gears, valves, guides and a few other things, you don't have to learn because they are not there in The Two-Cycle. It is a 24 h. p. team without a harness. It's the only new thing in the last five years—a trial will convince you. Price \$1250.00 with complete lamp and horn equipment.

We have a number of other good cars in our line—cars that have proved their staying qualities and worth through years of service. Complete information regarding any of our models can be obtained by making use of the coupon below.

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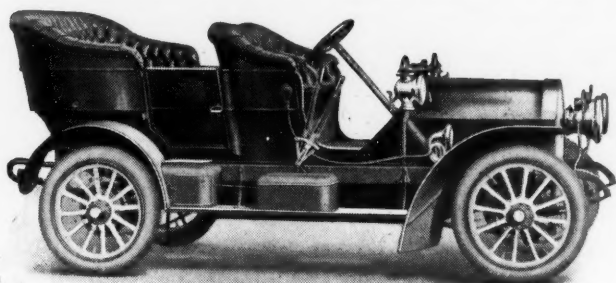
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Exceptionally roomy and luxurious, ample power and speed maintained under all conditions of weather and roads.

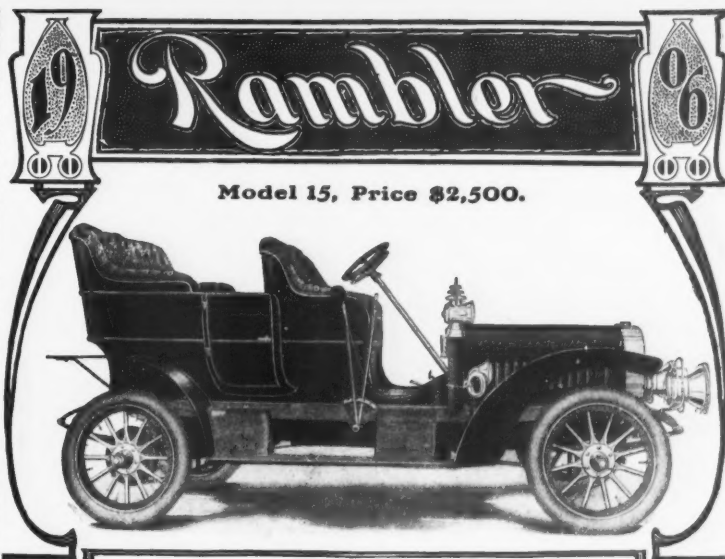
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Motor, four cylinder vertical, 35-40 horse power.

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Absolutely noiseless, speedy and powerful.

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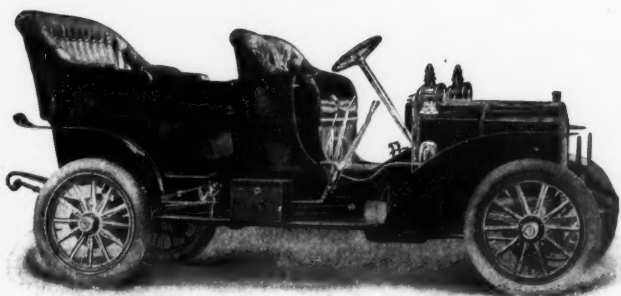
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10 H. P.
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Read the CADILLAC Advance Bulletin

If you are thinking of buying an automobile, there are a hundred reasons why you should get a Cadillac. Don't decide upon a machine until you have thoroughly investigated the remarkably fine and complete line offered for 1906. From it you can select a car to suit any requirements, whether a smart runabout at \$750, a 40 horse-power touring car at \$3,750 or one of the several intermediate types.

We want you—everybody—to compare, point for point, the many advantageous features of the Cadillac. Then you will appreciate why it is the most easily operated, most economically maintained, most dependable of motor cars. In beauty of design and finish it is unsurpassed.

We can offer no greater argument of Cadillac superiority than the fact that in four years the Cadillac Motor Car Company has grown from a small beginning to the largest automobile manufacturing establishment in the world.

Don't fail to see the Cadillac at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows.

Illustrated booklet L and address of nearest dealer sent upon request

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

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Cleveland

Model F
30-35 H.P.

5 to 55 miles per hour on third speed.
Guaranteed for one year.

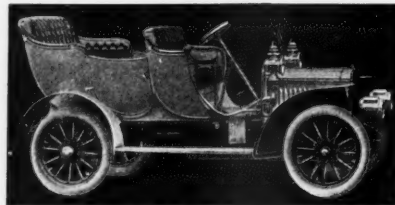
The buyer of a **Model F CLEVELAND** can safely eliminate the cost of repairs as a factor.

Its economy is a tangible asset, due to harmony of strength, design and construction.

The repairs on 50—1905 cars in constant use averaged \$4.00 including time.

One Boston car ran 6,000 miles at a repair expense of \$3.90.

One New York car ran 9,000 miles at a repair expense of \$6.00—\$4.00 of which was for spark plugs.



The CLEVELAND has real, solid, tested, standing-up ability. The complete chassis is made by the Garford Company—the largest manufacturers of exclusively high grade automobile parts and chassis in America. *It has no weak spots—we guarantee you against them.* Price \$3,500 to \$5,000, depending upon body equipment.

The ignition is by the imported Simms-Bosch low tension Magneto, with which all important foreign cars are equipped. The spark is make and break and controlled by the speed of the engine—doing away with spark plugs, coils, intricate wiring and batteries.

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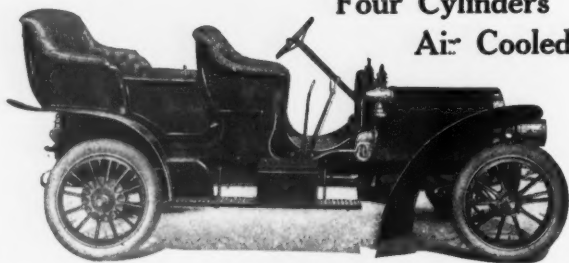
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Air Cooled



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To Take Care of
To Keep Cool
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Accessibility

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FOUR CYLINDERS—AIR COOLED

Model Five—28 H.P. Touring Car \$2,500

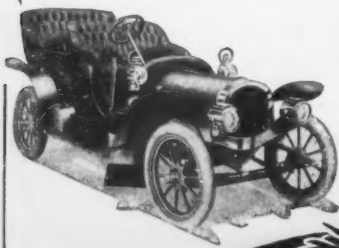
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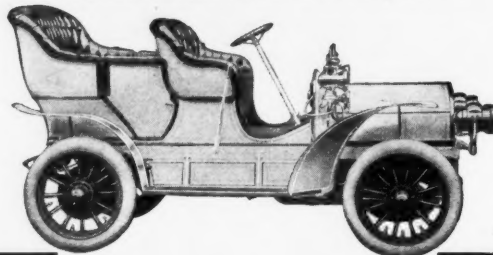
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"A Mechanical Masterpiece"



Can Your Car Do This?

This is a good question to ask the demonstrator before buying.

In most of our illustrations we have used a view showing a front wheel raised, tilting the lower frame, but leaving the **body frame** level. This shows a rear wheel raised over a foot, tilting the body frame but leaving the **lower frame** level.

All roads afford many parallels for this condition. Observe that raising one wheel does not affect the other three wheels in the slightest. No matter what wheels are raised, no matter which frame is

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Any Marmon owner knows, when he is speeding along over rough roads with an easy, gentle sway unknown in any other car, that the entire mechanism is equally at ease, conserved for a long and useful life.

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The Marmon four cylinder motor never overheats or "sticks," due to perfect air-cooling and an oiling system that is unlike any other and superior to any other the world over.

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Model D, Five Passengers, \$3,000

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WORLD'S FAIR ST. LOUIS

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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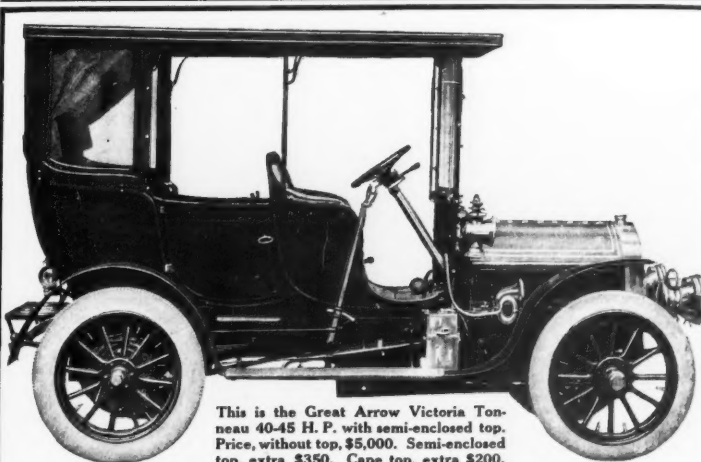
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This is the Great Arrow Victoria Ton-
neau 40-45 H. P. with semi-enclosed top.
Price, without top, \$5,000. Semi-enclosed
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The PIERCE ARROW is an American car—
the best American car that has been made
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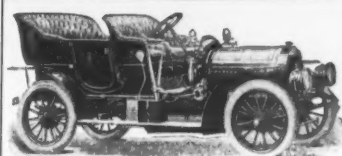
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our car is.

COMFORT SPEED SAFETY
40 H. P. 1906 Model G \$3,500

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Automobilists are making New Year
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these good resolutions will be many times
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evidence on the dash of the automobilist's
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The Jones Speedometer tells you when you are
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within the mark set by law. Further than this,
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and cost only a few cents each day—the few min-
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In the automobile industry, the demand for
competent men is so great that ability, no matter
how acquired, is considered above "pull" and
length of service. This makes it easy for an am-
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Columbia

Gasoline Cars for 1906

ARE built of the best materials in the world under methods and processes more advanced than those employed in any automobile factory other than our own. No consideration of the cost of production has been permitted to interfere with making perfect every part and piece of each model, whether pertaining to mechanism, bodywork or general equipment. The expense of making the crankshafts, for instance, is six times greater than that of any previously made in this country. We guarantee that these cars, each according to its power and place, will yield the greatest things possible in motor service.

MARK XLVII 10-15 h. p. four-cylinder motor under forward bonnet; sliding gear transmission, four speeds and one reverse; jump spark ignition from storage battery; new pattern automatic carburetor; special chrome-nickel steel gears, axles, crankshaft and journals; crankshaft machined cold out of solid block; double chain drive; I-beam front axle forged in one piece; pressed steel frame; 105-inch wheel base; seat starting; new pattern brakes. Price, with standard body \$4,500
With 112-inch wheel base, Royal Victoria, Double Victoria, Limousine or Landaulet body \$5,000 to \$5,500

MARK XLVI An entirely new model. 24-28 h. p. four-cylinder, vertical water-cooled motor; shaft drive, sliding gear transmission, three speeds and reverse; low tension make and break magneto current ignition; special chrome-nickel steel gears and shafts, crankshaft machined cold out of solid block; I-beam front axle forged in one piece; rotary pump oil lubrication; pressed steel frame, 95-inch wheel base; double side entrance body seating five passengers. Price \$3,000

MARK XLIV-2 Perpetuating Mark XLIV, one of the most successful of medium-weight 1905 cars. 18 h. p. double opposed horizontal motor under forward bonnet; frame length increased eight inches, giving ample room forward of each seat; wheel base increased to 90 inches. Rear seat widened five inches; double side entrance body. An ideal family car, which will climb any hill and maintain a speed of 35 miles per hour on the level. Price \$1,750

Columbia Electric Carriages

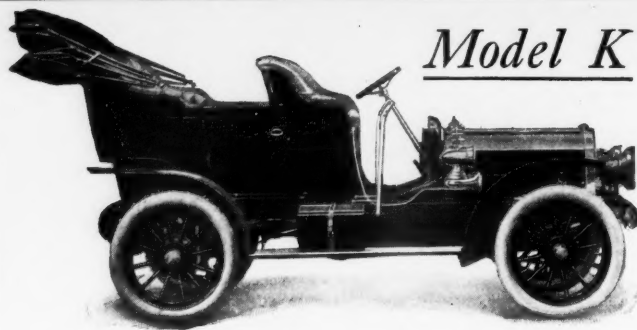
Victoria-Phaetons, Runabouts, Broughams, Landaulets
Hansoms, Surreys, Delivery Wagons, Trucks

Separate catalogues of Columbia Gasoline Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles will be sent on request

At New York we shall exhibit at Madison Square Garden only, January 13-20

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Member Association of Licensed Auto Mfrs.



Model K

WINTON Accessibility

ACCESSIBILITY means more to the Motorist, on reflection, than when first mentioned.

Being able to get at any part of the Mechanism which may be "out of whack" is important, of course. But of much more importance is the Winton construction which makes the Driver willing to get at it immediately.

You know how it is with Human Nature!

If the trained ear detects "something wrong" with the Motor, or Transmission, the time to investigate is at once—just as soon as the sound causes you to suspect it.

But you won't do that unless the Car Builder has made it mighty easy for you to do it on the spot.

If your Car is not more accessible than many that boast Accessibility you'll wait till you get it home to the Barn before you investigate.

And by that time much damage may be done that could have been easily avoided by quick and easy investigation on the first suspicion of "Trouble."

Many serious accidents arise from that sort of postponement.

Half the usual repair bills can be cut out by early investigation, and slight adjustments in time—on first discovery.

This is why we've made the Winton Model K the most readily accessible Car that ever was planned.

It is so easy, this season, to "get at" every working part of the Winton Model K that there's no inducement to postpone investigation and adjustment when any Trouble is suspected.

Five actual minutes will uncover the working parts of the Winton Model K.

You see we've planned this Car to work the way Human Nature works,—so that it is a pleasure to investigate its working parts.

Opening the hinged Bonnet exposes the Motor in less than a minute's time.

The turning of two handles uncovers instantly the whole Crank-shaft with its four connecting rods.

Lift up a foot-board, before front seat, turn a handle, and the entire Transmission Gear lies instantly before you.

A few minutes' more work takes that entire Transmission Gear clear out of its dust-proof case, for adjustment or repair.

Then, the Driving Axle is equally accessible.

Unscrew a single cap-nut, on either driving wheel, and you can draw out the entire Axle for inspection and adjustment, from its strong supporting Tube, without Jack or Pit, and without a Guest alighting from the Tonneau.

And all this has been planned so there need not be any stooping, groping, nor creeping under the Carriage, in that most undignified attitude which makes the Motorist's Guests pity him, on the spot, and ridicule him afterwards.

The Winton Model K is so accessible that its Driver will fix any lack of adjustment on suspicion, and on first discovery of it.

That means a big difference in the aforesaid Repair bills, safety, and longevity of the Winton Car.

Don't underestimate such accessibility as this.

The Winton Model K has:

30 Horse-power or better—
4-Cylinder Vertical Motor, which starts from the seat without cranking—

New Compensating Carburetor—

New Precision "Shooting" Oil—

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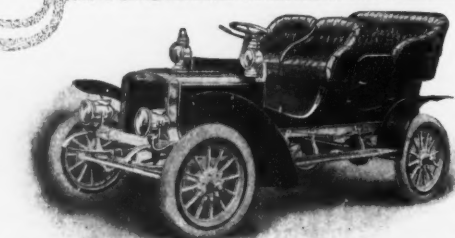
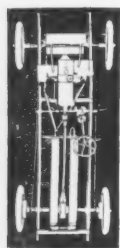
Improved and enlarged surface Brakes—

Magnificent carriage body, with superb upholstery and dashing style.

One price only—viz., \$2,500, for Car equal to the best on the market at \$3,500.

Get our new book—"The Motor Car Dissected."

Write to The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. L, Cleveland, Ohio.



Twenty h. p. Touring car, four-inch tires, gas and oil lamp equipment—\$1,800

NORTHERN

The triumph of two-cylinder touring car achievement. Refinement and style in every line. Absolutely noiseless. So silent in operation that it has been nick-named "The Ghost."

All machinery, including transmission gear, encased protected from dust, mud and water, and oil-retaining. Strain and wear reduced to the minimum. Double-opposed motor, placed cross-wise horizontally in front of chassis, is held in position by our famous Three-point Motor Support. Rough roads or frame distortion cannot alter alignment of machinery with rear axle.

Northern 24-inch fly wheel with fan blades cast integral, behind radiator, acts as an auxiliary cooler, also sends a powerful current of air towards rear axle, practically eliminating the dust nuisance. Other practical features which make the Northern the ideal car for American roads, are fully described in our Catalog No. 20. Send for it.

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20 h. p. Limousine \$2800

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Car with gas and oil lamp

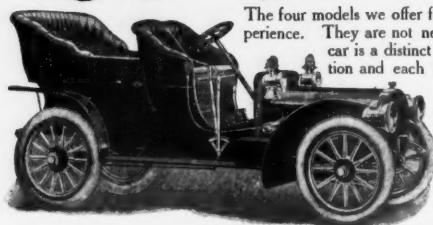
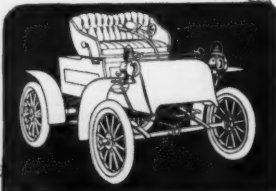
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Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of Association of Licensed Auto-

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We own and offer as wonderful bargains, 1500 typewriters which have been used just enough to put them in perfect adjustment. Better than new. Shipped on approval, free examination, 1000 new Visible Sholes machines, built to sell for \$95—our price while they last, \$45.

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from an investment of \$150.00 is the result from the operation of one of our BOX BALL ALLEYS at Sullivan, Ind.

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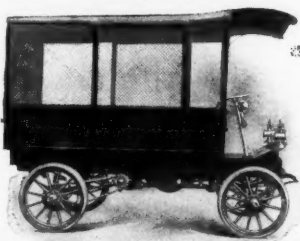
The wagon illustrated weighs 2230 lbs., carries 3000 lbs. easily, and shows only one of our many bodies. Size and style of body furnished to meet your requirements.

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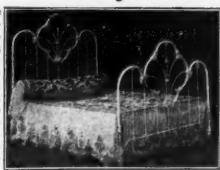
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Compare the musty, dusty, complicated construction of wooden beds with the perfectly ventilated "Sanitaire Beds"—all metal, every point cleanable and no crevices for dust to lodge and breed vermin. Healthful sanitary conditions are possible only with the



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It contains complete descriptions of practically every make of automobile in the world, with a picture of each. Such a guide to the motor car has never before been published. No one expecting to purchase can afford to pass by this opportunity for obtaining in handy form full information, so arranged that the various kinds of motor cars can be contrasted and compared.

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If you send in your subscription now we will send you by return mail, free of all charges, the valuable "MOTOR-CAR HANDBOOK." This is a volume of about 100 pages, cloth bound and profusely illustrated. In the simplest, clearest manner it tells all about motor cars, how they are built, how they run, the various types, and what each part of the machinery is meant to do. It also completely covers motor car accessories and has a valuable chapter on "How to Run a Motor Car."

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I enclose \$3.00 to pay for MOTOR for one year, and for the Motor-Car Handbook, according to your special offer. It is understood that my money is to be returned if I am not satisfied.

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Editorial Bulletin

New York, Saturday, January Twentieth, Nineteen Hundred and Six

For Good Roads

AMONG the several articles of varied interest contained in this number, Congressman Brownlow's argument in favor of good roads is one that should appeal to every patriotic American. Mr. Brownlow contends that might comes of the ability to move about readily. He believes that the hard highway leads to easy life. Representative Brownlow has done more effective legislative work for the cause of good roads than any other member of Congress. He believes that our deplorably bad roads are not only a disgrace to such a prosperous nation, but that they are an actual bar to the financial, social, educational, and religious progress of both the agricultural and laboring classes. Look at the pictures on pages twenty-one and twenty-two and see if he is not right. How can a farmer take his crops to market, how can the young man call on his girl, how can boys and girls go to school, how can all go to church if such mires as these lie between?

Mr. Palmer's Next Article

OWING to lack of space in the present issue it was impossible to print Mr. Palmer's second article in the series he is writing on national topics. The article deals with the Panama Canal situation, and we hope to be able to present it to our readers next week. Mr. Palmer has been to the Isthmus in other years, and so is more or less familiar with his subject; yet he believes progress to be making so rapidly down there that no one may write of Panama conditions from a desk in New York or Washington. In his article Mr. Palmer talks mainly of Panama matters from the Washington politician's point of view. He intends, however, to visit the Isthmus soon and to report on conditions as he sees them. He is not going down there looking for a sensation, or to "expose" anything, but merely to write of things as he sees them, with no feeling of panic about tropic conditions because they are not as perfect as those which prevail in our metropolitan centres.

A Lesson from London

ANOTHER article for next week will be the third in Mr. Samuel E. Moffett's series, "Some Things They Do Better Abroad." In this he will tell something of the remarkable work of the County Council—a municipal legislature with a policy. The Council does not confine itself to hunting jobs for its members, but goes ahead systematically, year after year, trying to improve the condition of the people of London. The people think so well of its efforts that they have kept the same party in power from the start, although its leaders have been opposed to the majority in national politics. Municipal rapid transit steamboats and street cars, free ferries and municipal cottages for workmen are some of the things the Council has provided.

Household Number Next Week

THE February Household Number will consist of thirty-two pages, with a cover design by Jessie Willcox Smith. In addition to the articles mentioned above, the number will contain stories and verse of seasonable variety, and a review of the current drama under the title of "Plays of the Month."

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A SHORT STORY

Collier's offers one thousand dollars for the best short story received between December 1 and March 1. This premium will be awarded in addition to the price paid for the story, and all accepted stories will be paid for at the uniform rate of five cents a word, except in the case of authors who have an established and higher rate. These authors will receive their regular rate. A booklet giving full particulars of the contest will be mailed upon request. Address Fiction Department, Collier's, 456 West Thirtieth Street, New York.



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is the ideal vehicle for town use, every day in the year regardless of weather conditions.

Its simplicity of control and ease of operation adapt it admirably for family use.

For physicians it has no equal. It is always ready and requires no cranking, starting instantly upon the movement of a hand lever.

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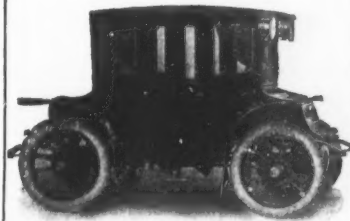
are the acme of refined elegance. They are extremely efficient, beautiful in every line and the superb excellence and daintiness of their perfect appointments detract nothing from the stability and wearing qualities of these

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We make Imperials, Stanhopes, Depot Carriages, Surreys and Broughams (interior and exterior driven). All are made of the choicest materials throughout, in the best possible manner, for discriminating buyers.

Write for Catalog and we will mail with it a letter of introduction to our nearest agent, which will entitle you to a ride in a BAKER. Agents in principal cities.

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE CO.
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Stoddard-Dayton

(MODEL D)

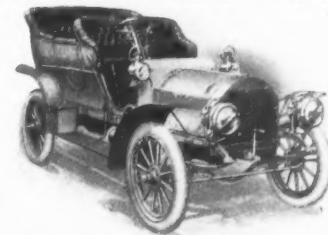
A Stripling in weight, a Giant in power.
The car that best combines speed and dependable strength.

"An American Car for American Roads"

THE Stoddard-Dayton, Model D 5-passenger Touring Car has a special type of 1½ x 3 in. 4-cylinder motor; water-cooled; frame of hot-rolled, high carbon, pressed steel; sliding gear transmission; three speeds and reverse—selective type, can change from high to intermediate, or vice versa, at speed of 25 miles, without clashing or noise, up hill or down; practically noiseless, entire transmission on roller bearings; mechanical lubrication; 30-35 horse-power. Proportion of power to weight, one horse-power to every sixty pounds. \$2250.

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A gentleman's rig—has style and durability. 30 Days Free Trial. 2-year guarantee. Worth \$75. Large illustrated 1926 catalogue shows 100 styles carriages and harnesses. Write us what style vehicle you think of buying.

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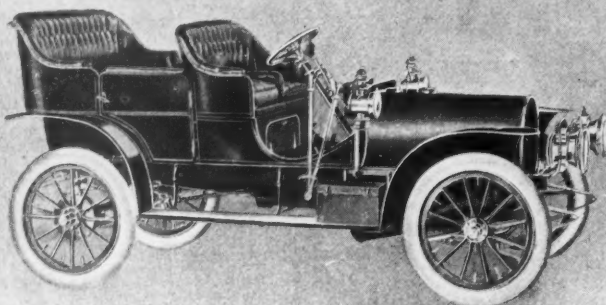
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FRANKLIN



Type D. Four-cylinder Touring-car. Five passengers. Air-cooled motor, 20 "Franklin horse-power." Shaft drive. Three-speed sliding-gear transmission. Disc clutch. Force feed oiler on dash. 100-inch wheel base. 1800 pounds. 45 miles per hour. Full head- and tail-light equipment. \$2800.

No other car, at any price, will do as much on American roads as this powerful, economical, and luxuriously comfortable car.

The ideal car is extremely light, has lots of power without waste, and is absolutely flexible.

This car is it—the ideal. Oceans of clean-cut net power without hindrance or waste. Weight way down, no water or water-system; no heavy frame to carry them; light construction throughout. No road-shocks to shake the power out of the engine—wood sills and flexible springs absorb all that.

No apologies needed. It isn't "the best car at the price," it is the best car at any price. We will put it against any car in the world, except the six-cylinder Franklin, for what the most exacting American motorist wants.

Four-cylinder Runabout, \$1400

Four-cylinder Light Touring-car, \$1800

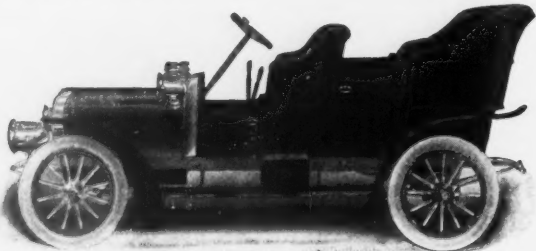
Four-cylinder Touring-car, \$2800

Six-cylinder Touring-car, \$4000

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Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



The car of to-day, tomorrow, and years to come.
—Built by practical men.—

Aerocar

The one motor car driven by a reliable, test-proven air-cooled motor.

The motor car is not an every day purchase. It costs considerable money, and if it does not run satisfactorily it is of little value.

There must be a good motor to make a good automobile. Water-cooled motors have many troubles—the perfect water-cooled motor has yet to come.

The perfect Air-cooled motor is here. It is the air-cooled motor of the Aerocar.

Because of its wonderful efficiency in power; because of the saving in weight; because of simplicity and strength in mechanical construction; because of its uniformly smooth working—runs steady with the rhythm of an electric dynamo;—because it is the same reliable sure-working motor under all climatic conditions—midsummer or midwinter makes no difference, there's nothing to freeze nor nothing to thaw;—because of ease of control, economy of maintenance; because it will develop continuous higher power, for weight, and give greater speed than any other motor; because of its assured reliability and greater durability of service.

The body of the Aerocar compares most favorably with any other automobile, either foreign or American. It embodies the best features of each, is graceful in design, is most comfortably roomy, is luxuriously upholstered, and finished along the strictly high standard of up-to-date demands.

We courteously ask the opportunity to give a practical demonstration of the superiority, in every way, of the Aerocar. Try before you buy. Know why before you put money in a motor car.

Aerocar 1906. 24 h. p. Four cylinders. Five passengers. 45 miles an hour. 104-inch wheel base. Shaft drive. Sliding gear transmission. Three speeds forward and reverse. Leather-faced cone clutch. Hollow steel dash. Four sight lubricator on dash. Tool box on running board. 34x4 tires. 9-inch road clearance. Weight 2,000 pounds. Fully equipped, ready for the road, including two large glass headlights, \$2,800 f. o. b. Detroit.

Exhibited and demonstrated at the Automobile Shows in New York and Chicago. Write for descriptive literature F.

The Aerocar Company, Detroit, Michigan



BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT



By the Brooks System

There is no reason why you cannot own as good a boat as the best boat factory can produce if you will use your leisure time to advantage and build it yourself. The fact that anyone using the Brooks System, no matter how inexperienced he is in the use of tools, can build his own boat at the cost of a little lumber and a few nails, has brought boats within the reach of all.

All the boats built last year, by all the boat factories in the United States, combined in one fleet, would not equal the number of boats built during the same time by novices using the Brooks System. Our catalog gives pages of testimonials with photographs of the boats built by amateurs using the Brooks System.

The Brooks System consists of exact size printed paper patterns of every piece that goes into the boat, a complete set of half-tone illustrations showing an actual picture of each step of the work properly done, detailed instructions to build, covering the entire construction of the boat and an itemized bill of all material required and how to secure it.

We tell you how to lay the pattern of each particular part on the proper piece of material and exactly how to cut—you cut. We then tell you how to fasten each part in its right place—what kind of a nail to use—how to drive it—you drive it.

You need no mechanical ability, the Brooks System supplies this—how is shown in the catalog.

Many professional men are taking up the Brooks System for mental relaxation—for the pleasure of working with their hands and for exercise.

We have started hundreds in the boat building business. One man built sixteen boats from one set of patterns last season—another built ten—the materials cost very little—we furnished the design—they did the work and sold the boats at a big profit.

You need buy nothing from us but the patterns. We have them of all kinds and sizes, from small Row Boats and Canoes to Sea-going Yachts. We have over 10 styles and sizes of boat patterns, each one perfect in design for its purpose. Our catalog illustrates the product of the best staff of designers in the world.

Over ten thousand amateurs throughout the world successfully built boats by the Brooks System in 1905.

When so ordered, Patterns are Expressed, Charges Prepaid, C. O. D. Allowing Examination.

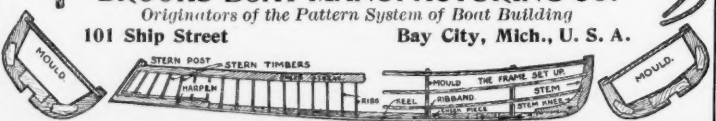
Knock Down Boats

complete from keel to cushions and fittings. We send you a complete Knock Down Boat, even to the paint, at a cost of very little more than the cost of the raw material.

Catalog with full particulars free. For 25c, 100-page catalog showing several working illustrations taken from the instructions of each boat and a full set for one boat; also valuable information for the amateur yachtsman, rules for sailing, steering, passing, fog and engine signals, etc.

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Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building
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An IMPROMPTU DANCE With an EDISON PHONOGRAPH

YOU can have a dance anytime, anywhere, if you own an Edison Phonograph. Unexpected visitors, neighbors, or your children can be most acceptably and economically entertained in this manner. Everybody may dance, because no one need play a piano. You start the Phonograph and it plays to the end of the Record without attention.

EDISON Dance Records

were made under the direction of a well-known dance master, and are correct in style and tempo. The lancers are furnished with or without calls. Between the dances you may entertain your guests by playing appropriate amusement records.

Here is the opportunity to learn to dance or teach a friend in your own home, without embarrassment and at little cost. Go to the nearest Edison dealer and hear some Dance Records, a complete list of which will be mailed from our Orange, N. J., office, on request.

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I. C. S. Language Courses Taught With Edison Phonographs.

Latest Gold Moulded Records—Now on Sale at Your Dealer's

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9121 Somebody's Sweetheart I Want to Be Harlan 9183 Ly-Tyldy-Tyldy-um . . . Fawc
9122 Fritz and Louie (Fand.) . . . Jones & Spencer 9184 Paddle Your Own Canoe . . . Collins & Harlan
9123 A Lovely Night in June—Bella . . . Benzie 9185 It Blew! Blew! Blew! Schottische
9124 I'm Greeting Sleepy—Com Song . . . Collins Edison Concert Band
9125 If a Girl Like You Loved a Boy Like Me . . . MacDonough 9186 Robin Redbreast . . . Marie Nardie
9126 Hebrew Vanderville Specialty . . . Julian Ross 9187 Good-Bye, "Dixie" Dear
9127 Lights Out March . . . Edison Military Band 9188 Yankee Doodle . . . Billy Murray
9128 Min Mary . . . Gillette 9189 A Gay Gamoos—Bango Solo . . . Owsan
9129 The Lord That Father Carried . . . Roberts 9190 Take Me to Your Heart Again . . . Barrow
9180 Pam Me Not, O Gentle Saviour . . . Anthony & Harrison 9191 Barnyard Serenade . . . Spencer and Holt
9181 Forget-Me-Not, Edison Symphony Orchestra 9192 The Jelly Blacksmith, Edison Male Quartette
9193 Fol-the-rol-lol Medley, Edison Military Band



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



IN THE GRASP OF THE VULTURES

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



SECRETARY SHAW'S EMOTIONS, as elicited by the failure of JOHN R. WALSH, have not risen to the heights demanded in the town where WALSH was known. Chicago desired for her conspicuous citizen no coat of holiness, nor even the whitewash brush. Hers was not the mood to enjoy the famous solo: "All Banks Look Alike to Me." Unless recent history is seriously at fault, the band of civic malefactors inhabiting Mr. WALSH's bank building had secured of public moneys and other deposits some twenty-six million dollars. And they were subject to Federal supervision and control, that very palladium of our liberties, if we are to listen to glad noises from our capital. These gentlemen lent to themselves between thirteen and fourteen million dollars, in defiance both of law and decent practice.

CHICAGO AND
MR. SHAW

At length, after many years, the all-seeing inspecting eye at Washington dropped its blinder, and observed. The other Chicago banks came to the rescue of a situation produced by Republican-patriots-with-a-pull, thereby saving the depositors and the community from a disaster imminent on account not only of the wickedness of WALSH *et al.*, but also on account of the bat-eyed blindness of our Treasury Department. And right here is the entrance of our good Secretary with his little solo, "All Banks Look Alike to Me." For if printed words are to be believed, he sees nothing criminal in the fact that the WALSH outfit gutted the banks, by lending half the deposits, or 800 per cent of their capital, to themselves, and he sapiently compares that feat with the ordinary fact that banks do occasionally exceed the limit of lending ten per cent of their capital to one customer.

THE WALSH FINANCIERING was long drawn out and cumulative. It was either open or covered up. If it was open the Treasury Department bears the look of criminal inefficiency. If covered up, why are not WALSH and his bunch criminally liable? How feeble an excuse is there in the plea of bond purchases, for a department supposed to inspect! If examiners could not inspect such a palpable subterfuge as bonds issued by WALSH for WALSH, and notes signed by peanut peddlers for WALSH, and secured by WALSH bonds for WALSH, then the examiners should be kept away from the Indiana gold-brick belt. But the amiable and eminent Secretary of the Treasury assures us that there will be no Federal prosecution of the WALSH assemblage. He refrains from alleging that they are to escape by reason of pull, but attributes their immunity to their real innocence, and to the fact that the depositors did not lose. Now the depositors would have lost, and the WALSH bunch might have been prosecuted, if the Chicago banks had not saved the day. And, therefore, on every ground of public, private, and political wellbeing, the eminent Secretary should have been grateful to the Chicago banks, and yet he sings, "They all do it," and for an encore, "All Banks Look Alike to Me." Moreover, we learn another thing about this National Bank. The depositors are objects of anxious Federal care, the officers seem well attended to; but the stockholders—they are beyond the vision of the unsleeping Federal eye. They may do what they please; neither for them nor for an example to other high financiers will the Federal Government attempt to prosecute, or meditate the prosecution of, the glad borrowers in the offices of the Chicago National Bank. And Mr. SHAW has come and gone. With one hand he wielded the whitewash brush until the black record of the affiliated WALSH-SMYTH-BLOUNT banks assumed a sort of dirty gray color, and with the other hand he daubed muck on the reputations of decent banks and bankers, until they too looked dirty gray. And then he left town, humming again that innocuous, gentle ditty: "All Banks Look Alike to Me."

MORE

LAWS AGAINST CONTRACT LABOR have had as a result that the Chinese in this country are not of the lowest quality. When they are collected in city slums, as in San Francisco, certain faults are obvious. Being gamblers, like white men, they pay tribute to the police, and sometimes a mayor of San Francisco may find it necessary to remove a police commissioner for too great anxiety about this source of income. They also fight in Chinatown, and kill a few, selecting their victims, however, with practical exclusiveness, among themselves.

Outside the big cities, whether in industry or as house servants, their reputation is high. They are honest, loyal, fond of children, kind to animals, industrious, and sober. Opium smoking is found little among servants; more in the class of shopkeepers and merchants, who were not excluded when our present law was passed. The arguments against admitting Chinese freely to this country are cogent and will probably prevail, even if China's retaliatory boycott proves as lasting and extensive as those best informed believe it will be; but these arguments have nothing to do with the character of the individual Chinaman, which is in many ways one of the best to be found on earth. An able English observer, WILLIAM MAITLAND, for many years an employer of Chinese in California, expects the Chinamen who return from the States, with new ideas of liberty and opportunity, to do much, in the course of time, to start the great Empire on the road to modern power.

CHINESE IN
CALIFORNIA

THE CHINESE IN SOUTH AFRICA have been treated so abominably that the situation in those colonies presents one of the strongest claims of the new Liberal Government to the need of a change in party rule. Mr. MAITLAND, writing in one of the famous English reviews, draws a sharp contrast between American and British treatment of Chinese, as a lesson to his countrymen. If this singularly law-abiding race has become so violent in South Africa as to require arming the settlers, the conditions of employment must be intolerable. The Chinaman in South Africa is imported under contract. Recruiting agents in China are employed. Falsehood and misrepresentation must result. Not one laborer, in all probability, really understands what lies in store for him. He is to receive but a fraction of what a free laborer receives. He will be put at work of great severity, for which he has no training, and, having no right to abandon the job, will be flogged or otherwise tortured if he resists. He is treated as a savage, whereas, instead of being on a level with a Kaffir or our negro, he belongs to a race among the most civilized on earth. He finds himself a slave, under masters profoundly cruel. If the results, economic as well as directly moral, are made sufficiently vivid to the English people, we may be sure an end will be put to a system which is of doubtful advantage even to the handful of mine-owners by whom it was put in force.

LESSONS FOR
GREAT BRITAIN

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS are criticised most often from the point of view of positive, dramatic abuse, such as the death or injury of boys in football. If, however, the number of accidents in football, per hundred engaged, be compared with swimming, sailing, hunting, baseball, and other activities in which the adolescent human male exercises his virility, the result will show no exceptional hazard in the game. The strongest objection to intercollegiate sport is the dying out of athletics as a general occupation. If, as is widely stated, football, baseball, and other contests between "scrub" teams diminish rapidly, because all interest is focused on the contests between the universities, the best side of outdoor games is sacrificed to something which, for all but a handful of the students, is merely a spectacle to watch, and to work up excitement over. Nothing is more wholesome than universal athletic sport among young men and boys, and if intercollegiate games tend to kill the general habit of athletics in order to substitute gladiatorial contests by a few, the rest watching feverishly, and thinking of nothing else for months, certainly intercollegiate sports should go.

SCRUB GAMES

ENLARGING THE LIFE of those condemned to blindness is one of the most appealing triumphs of modern thought. It is one of the victories which most impressively point the human worth of science. The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Blind will hold its first public meeting on March 29, which no doubt will be the occasion for increasing the diffusion of knowledge about what the blind still need. Truly wonderful is the success with which this tragic condition of nature has been softened by the ingenuity of man, but on the industrial side there is urgent need of certain steps. One of the speakers at this meeting will be Miss HELEN KELLER, the most brilliant example that has ever been offered of the possibilities of the blind, and the author

A MODERN
TRIUMPH



of one of the most notable documents of our day. In a recent letter she said: "It is hard to be blind even when every ameliorating circumstance is present. But blindness need not be so hard as it has been in this country. The principal cause of the failure of the blind in America to become at least partially self-supporting is lack of organization and co-operation. . . . Opportunity to work is the boon the blind ask of their fellow-men. Work, profitable work, robs blindness of its cruellest sting, it pervades our darkness with the light of joy and contentment. The object of our striving is very practical. The Association can not open the blinded eyes to the light of day; but it can make darkness bearable." The New York Association follows the general lines of the similar association in Massachusetts. Among other things it sends visitors to the blind in their homes, to give practical suggestions to those willing and able to work. A proposed employment bureau, using the information gathered by the visitors, will try to find remunerative occupations for some blind people in their homes, for others in handicraft shops for the blind, in factories for the seeing, and for some in mercantile and professional pursuits. Money is needed to start the work: to pay for postage and printing, for the salaries of visitors and teachers, and to start the employment bureau and the handicraft shops. Cheques from persons whose sympathies take this direction may be sent to the treasurer, at 44 East Seventy-eighth Street, New York.

SENATOR BAILEY'S REASON for deeming himself unsuited to leadership of his party in the Senate is at least suggestive. "I have not acquired," he says, "the art of being agreeable under all circumstances, and I will never place myself in a position where a failure to do so is certain to result in constant personal annoyance and might result in serious embarrassment to my party." The Senate has a special social atmosphere, where "courtesy" is followed far beyond the line of moral soundness, and, if no other good results from the advent of Mr. LA FOLLETTE, it is to be hoped he will at least do something to destroy this private-club-like harmony of intercourse. Elsewhere, certainly, in American politics, tact of the grosser sort described by Senator BAILEY has ceased to be a necessity. Who has it now?

LEADERSHIP
AND TACT

Not CLEVELAND, BRYAN, FOLK, ROOSEVELT, or LA FOLLETTE. Not even TAFT, and certainly not ROOT. Not DENEEN, JEROME, or DOUGLAS; not any of the men who have led the movements of these recent years. The breed of universally agreeing and conceding gentlemen, in America at large, is almost extinct. It can not exist much longer in the Senate. When courtesy means human sympathy, when tact is another word for kindness, these qualities adorn our life; but when they are a cloak for unjust concession and moral indifference, they are but weapons in the general arsenal of selfishness and hypocrisy.

THE FATE OF THE HORSE interests nearly all. Dramatic and rather touching is the situation in which he finds himself as his traditional function is menaced by electric power. Steam, however, did not reduce his numbers, and even if automobiles or airships ultimately do, he may be satisfied to exist in fewer incarnations on terms of retaining only the pleasanter fractions of his employment. The automobile promises to make a much more far-reaching alteration in modes of locomotion than any change since steam. As the bicycle industry has failed to grow, some people expect the automobile to pass; but there is the essential difference that automobiles have been established widely in trade, and therefore are not the slave of fashion. The bicycle is sold to-day to

MODES IN TRAVEL

about three-fourths the extent of its greatest year.

An exaggerated idea of its ebb is induced by the fact that it is no longer much used for pleasure. Practically, especially in industrial communities, it is well established as a necessity. It is the horse of laboring men. The automobile industry will probably have a setback from reckless overproduction of cheap and ill-made machines, but the consequent blow will fall on the more unsound manufacturers, and of a decidedly temporary character will be any halt in the march of the machine. Very likely the use of it for pleasure will lose its zest, but its economic value is too well-established to make possible any lessening of the place it has taken in our general life.

WIT, AUTOCRAT, AND PROFESSOR at the breakfast table,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was, as every single reader will remember, by training a physician. Sharing, like most good doctors, the creed of his profession, he wrote, some sixty years ago, a treatise against practices which have a singular resemblance to those which flourish so luxuriantly to-day. Credulity in the victims was the same, and similar also were the arguments in defence. Go back as remotely as we will, the face of superstition is recognized as related to the one we see to-day. Kings and queens were wont to cure by the laying on of hands. None ever failed to receive relief save by their own littleness of faith. In twelve years nearly twelve thousand persons were touched by CHARLES II. The best surgical writer of the day saw many hundreds of cures performed by his Majesty's touch alone. In the seventeenth century there was a Sympathetic Powder, brought by a friar from the East, that cured wounds by application to the garter of the sufferer. It was only blue vitriol, but it had to undergo processes, such as being dissolved, filtered, crystallized, exposed to the sun, and so following. Then there was the Tar Water, which, in Bishop BERKELEY'S opinion, his duty to mankind indispensably obliged him to make public. The fluid was made by stirring a gallon of water with a quart of tar, and among other ills it cured smallpox, pleurisy, erysipelas, scurvy, asthma, hysterics, and indigestion. For long life Bishop BERKELEY recommended Tar Water, temperance, and early hours; nor is he the only bishop from whom genuine testimonials have been obtained. And never in the world's history has there been a "fake" that did not actually do some good to somebody.

ANCESTORS
OF PATENT
NOSTRUMS

WHETHER MR. THOMAS LAWSON really emerged from his recent market set-to in as damaged a condition as he proclaims, is a question regarding which we confess an open mind. Some pathos and some sympathy have passed his way, and we contribute readily to this cargo. He is one of our most spur-like and diverting correspondents. He lends to journalism somewhat of its color and variety. Thus he writes: "P. S.—I have a gardener who has invented a machine to sandpaper the fuzz off 'Jack' roses. He thinks there's money in it. I tell him no—but I've been all wrong on the market for some time!" But not the whole of his letter is so genially serene. That postscript, indeed, is a symbolic protest. In a eulogy of LAWSON we ventured the assertion that his style was crude. Institutions of great learning have praised this style. It contains qualities of value. Mr. COLLIER has said that he wished Mr. HAPGOOD could put into his writing more of the style of LAWSON or ARTHUR BRISBANE. Therefore, before we proceed in another paragraph to reflect upon a certain challenge in detail, we pause for an instant to drink a toast to all the color of which Mr. LAWSON knows his pen is master.

THE STYLE
OF LAWSON

MR. LAWSON'S OFFER is, succinctly put, to give a hundred dollars (which we regretfully decided to return) to the man, woman, linotype editor, or printer's devil in this establishment who can tell him just how "to corner off or sandpaper up" the style in question. The request, despite its banter, is founded on so genuine an interest that we wish indeed it might be granted. "While, of course, all my ink sousings are crude, I have, like the hen which hears herself cackle, an intense hankering to know why. Matching up the glowing jollies the college language peddlers and literary sweatshoppers have sent me about that particular bit with your boutonniere, I am all in the air." If the "Contemporary" or "Fortnightly Review," or the "Forum" or "Atlantic Monthly," CHALLENGED asked us to analyze this stylistic problem in five or forty thousand words, it might be done: but hardly for a popular audience in a paragraph. The dedication is to Penitence and Punishment. "To Punishment: that the sins of the century crying to heaven for vengeance may on earth be visited with condemnation stern enough to halt greed at the kill." Also that it shall be culpable to "graft and cozen." A libel suit for crudity could not be based on single phrases, but rather on the melodramatic conception and stark phrasing of the whole. Crudity is not a sin, and we prefer not to argue it at length. If there were nothing worse on earth, we should easily sleep o' nights.

CHALLENGED



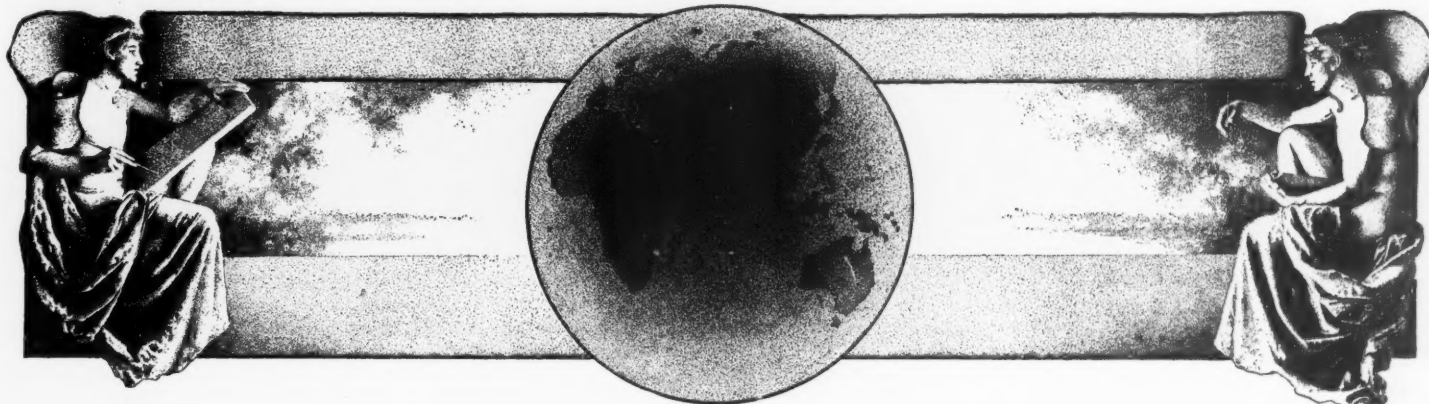
THE AWAKENING OF CHINA—BRITISH SAILORS LANDING AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE, AMOY, DURING THE RECENT DISTURBANCES



JAPANESE PRISONERS, CLAD IN RUSSIAN UNIFORMS, LEAVING THE CAMP AT MEDVED, SIBERIA, HOMEWARD BOUND

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE Russian revolutionists are resorting to new methods of harassing the Government. ¶The international conference on the Moroccan question, now in session at Algeiras, is causing grave anxiety for the peace of Europe. ¶The President has denied the reports of Panama scandals. ¶The unrest in China, of which the anti-American boycott was a symptom, threatens to grow into revolution. ¶The British Parliament was dissolved January 8 and the new one summoned to meet February 13. The elections end January 27. ¶The three great life insurance companies have agreed to abolish rebates, and have employed ex-President Cleveland as a joint referee to enforce the rule. Mr. Alexander E. Orr has been elected President of the New York Life at a salary of \$50,000 a year. ¶The revolution in Santo Domingo has left the government substantially as before, with President Morales out. ¶The annual exhibitions that mark the growth of the automobile industry have been held in New York and Chicago. ¶Lieutenant-General Count von Moltke, nephew of the great Von Moltke, has been appointed Chief of the German General Staff, becoming practically the commander of the army under the Emperor. ¶The will of the late Charles T. Yerkes provides for a great hospital in the Borough of the Bronx, New York, and an art gallery under the control of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. ¶Cleveland has acquired the beginning of a municipal lighting system. ¶Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, has failed of re-election, being beaten by Judge Thomas H. Paynter. ¶James W. Wadsworth, Jr.,

has been elected Speaker of the New York Assembly by a combination of the forces of President Roosevelt, Governor Higgins, and a number of resuscitated local bosses. B. B. Odell, Jr., lately the autocrat of the New York Republican party, has been abruptly evicted. At the same time the Tammany boss, Murphy, has been reduced to impotence by Mayor McClellan's declaration of independence. ¶Senator Depew has announced his intention of resigning from the directorates of seventy-nine corporations, but not from the United States Senate. ¶Admiral Rojestvensky astonished England by saying in his report that the British fleet was prepared to destroy his force if Togo failed. ¶Mr. Jacob H. Schiff terrified the stock exchanges on January 4 by predicting that unless the currency system should be reformed we should have a panic compared with which our former panics would be "child's play." ¶The reluctant Standard Oil magnates who had been rounded up after a long chase by Attorney-General Hadley of Missouri began to testify in New York on January 4, exhausting every device to drag out the proceedings. ¶The returns of the British Board of Trade show that 1905 was the greatest year on record for the trade of the United Kingdom. ¶A singular accident occurred on January 7 in the harbor of New York. The battleships "Kearsarge" and "Kentucky" ran aground and the "Alabama" crashed into the "Kentucky," inflicting and suffering considerable damage. ¶The Republican opponents of the Statehood bill and of the Philippine tariff bill combined in the House.

Anxious Days for Europe



THE Christmas holidays, which came nearly two weeks later in Russia than in the rest of the world, brought a little lull in the fury of the revolution. In the greater part of the country the opposition to the Government suspended armed uprisings. Nevertheless the force of authority at the

center of the Empire was too weak to make itself obeyed at the extremities. A great part of the Caucasus has organized itself as a republic, carrying on its own government in entire independence of St. Petersburg. Social Democratic governments have been instituted in the towns of the Baltic provinces controlled by the insurgents, and the troops sent to restore the imperial authority there have met with a number of reverses. The strike on the Trans-Siberian Railroad has been complicated by a dangerous mutiny in the Manchurian army, all of which has resulted in completely isolating General Linevitch. The reservists going home from the front have taken possession of the railroad, running their trains to suit themselves and holding up all others, and martial law has been

declared along the line in an attempt to restore communications. The Workmen's Council joined the representatives of the proletarian organizations on January 2, across the Finnish border, in a meeting that lasted for thirty-six hours. It was decided to effect a complete change in tactics, to engage in no more premature up-

risings, but to create a national organization of workmen's councils, and through that to call a General Congress and map out a thorough plan of battle. The workmen decided not to take part in the elections for the Duma. In view of this boycott, in which all the provinces of the Baltic, Poland, the Caucasus, Siberia, and several in Southern Russia are expected to join, the Government has determined that the Duma shall meet even if only a hundred and fifty out of its five hundred members are elected. Most of the workmen in St. Petersburg have refused to register as

voters. The Government organs announce that Count Witte will hold office until the Duma meets, and then will retire. The bankers of France have declined to consider a proposition to float another Russian loan at this time.

The carnage in Manchuria was thought to have sickened the world of war for at least a generation to come, but the most civilized nations of Western Europe find peace again balancing on the edge of a precipice. The International Conference on the Moroccan question, first called for Algeiras, was shifted to Madrid, and then shifted back to Algeiras. Its meeting was preceded by an exchange of documentary compliments between France and Germany, each side publishing such papers as proved that it had been conciliatory and long-suffering in the presence of an unreasonable opponent. Ever since the shock of the enforced resignation of Delcassé, France had been making military preparations which amounted to a practical mobilization, and at the end of December this work was so far complete that she felt secure against a surprise. A military correspondent of the London "Times" reported at that time that the French could put four million trained men under arms, and that they could concentrate their armies upon the frontier as soon as, or sooner than, Germany could have her forces there to meet them. Thereupon the Prussian railway administration placed orders for twenty thousand new freight cars, to cost \$50,000,000, and to be delivered by the middle of February. This order was inspired by the German General Staff, which wished to be able to move troops by the first of March. With Europe's nerves thus on edge, the United States added a new sensa-



TELLING THE STORY OF STANDARD OIL

Mr. H. H. Rogers, under the gentle persuasion of Attorney-General Hadley, of Missouri, testifying before Special Commissioner Frederick H. Sanborn at New York in a conspiracy suit

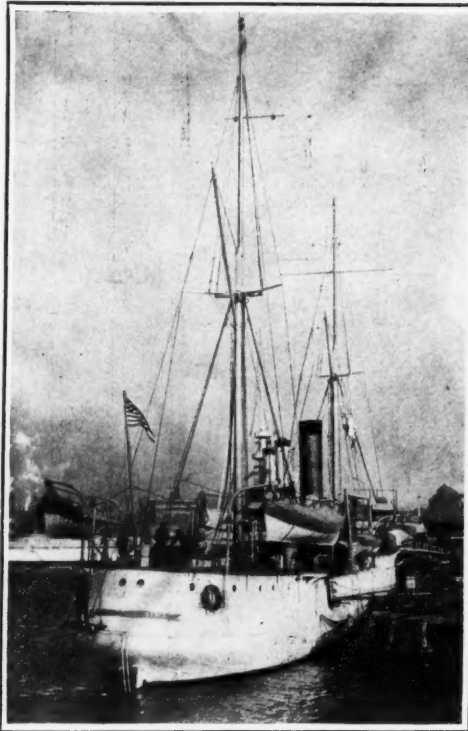
tion by despatching a cruiser squadron, under Rear Admiral Sigsbee, to Gibraltar, only six miles from Algeiras. This action was welcomed in Paris as foreshadowing American aid to France. In Berlin, shippers of grain and other products began taking out war insurance. Italy, although an ally of Germany, takes the French side in the dispute.

Persistent Fate at Panama



THE shades of De Lesseps still seem to hang malevolently over the Isthmian enterprise. The President makes change after change in the directing personnel, enlisting men of the highest character and the brightest record of achievement, but the miasmatic atmosphere of scandal and of mismanagement still clings to the undertaking. The report of the Isthmian Commission admits that little has been accomplished thus far in the way of actual excavation, but asserts that wonders have been worked in the direction of making the Isthmus fit to live on. It maintains that all the sanitary precautions essential to the health of a great working population have been taken; that for the first time in their history the Isthmian towns have been cleaned, drained, and supplied with pure water; that the death rate has been reduced to an insignificant fraction of the De Lesseps scale, and that terminal and transportation facilities for handling the immense increase of traffic caused by the Canal workings have been provided. But press correspondents have sent melancholy tales from Colon, asserting that whatever may have been done in these directions at the Pacific end of the Canal, the conditions at the Atlantic end are as bad as they ever were in the gay and care-free French times. They allege that Colon is poisoned by a foul swamp which could be easily drained if the authorities took the trouble to do it; that negro workers have been lured from Jamaica and other islands on false pretences, scandalously ill-treated, and cheated out of half their promised wages by payment in silver instead of in gold, and that practically nothing has been done for the accommodation of a volume of business suddenly raised to several times its former bulk. They also repeat the story that negro women have been imported for immoral purposes under the authority of the United States Government. In a special message on January 8, transmitting to Congress the annual reports of the Commission and the Panama Railroad Company,

President Roosevelt repelled these accusations with characteristic fury. But Secretary Taft, in his accompanying letter, criticised two financial transactions of the Panama Railroad, under Mr. Shonts. Mr. Frederick Palmer, who is going to the Isthmus for COLLIER'S, will soon give the country material for a definite judgment upon the extraordinary diversity between the official and the unofficial news upon the various questions at issue. Chairman Shonts of the Isthmian Commission



A DEWEY TROPHY IN NEW YORK

The gunboat "Don Juan de Austria," which was set on fire and sunk in the battle of Manila Bay and then raised and added to the American navy

has been growing restive under criticism. The salary of \$30,000 a year, which by comparison with the ordinary Government scale is so enormous, is not an overpowering attraction to a man used to corporation standards, besides possessing a private fortune of his own. When a railroad president can not even appoint a \$10,000 press agent without being hammered for it in Congress, it is natural that the honor of digging a canal should seem less attractive to him than when he took the job.

Despatches from Panama say that the congestion of freight on the Isthmus never was worse. The transshipment facilities are so overworked that thousands of bags of coffee will have to be sent to the United States and Europe by way of the Straits of Magellan. Steamers lie for days in the harbors, unable to find docks, and when they do unload the goods stay indefinitely at the terminals.

The labor question continues to puzzle the Canal-builders. It has been variously proposed to use negroes from the Southern States, and Chinese and Japanese coolies, but thus far the chief dependence has been placed upon negroes from Jamaica and the other West Indian islands. These have not proved very satisfactory, perhaps from no fault of their own, and the latest proposition is that of a contractor who offers to supply all the labor needed from among the natives of Mexico and Central America. These he calls the best men he has ever employed for that sort of work. At its meeting on January 2 the Commission decided to enlist a thousand men from Northern Spain.

While the Commission is nursing its troubles the army engineers sit by, watching the tangle with benevolent interest. There are many in Washington who think that the best way to build the Canal would be to turn it over to the Engineer Corps, just as if it were an ordinary river or harbor improvement, and the army men do not discourage the idea. They have a record for work that is honest and thorough, if somewhat slow. On the other hand, there are business men who say that the best thing the Government could do would be to cut loose from the details of construction entirely, and turn the whole job over to a firm of contractors, which could hire such managers as it needed and pay what salaries it pleased without Congressional interference.

SHUFFLING CARDS IN SANTO DOMINGO

THE QUEER "REVOLUTION" in Santo Domingo is practically over, but the complications it has caused are not. By one of the curious peculiarities of Dominican politics, President Morales, who fled from his capital to the disaffected region of Monte Cristi, is called the revolutionist, while his Vice-President and Cabinet are "the Government." The extinction of Morales was effected with despatch, but not without some casualties. On December 30, Vice-President Caceres called Congress in extra session to consider the charge that the fugitive President was a traitor and an instigator of bloodshed. The cruiser *Independencia* took the side of Morales and was declared in rebellion. General Rodriguez, the Governor of the province of Monte Cristi, which had always maintained a semi-independent position, also adhered to Morales. The *Independencia* landed two hundred and fifty men near Puerto Plata and threatened to bombard the town, but the representations of the foreign consuls, backed by the presence of the American gunboats *Nashville* and *Scorpion*, averted that danger. But, on January 2, the Moralists forces under General Rodriguez, aided by sympathizers in the place, attacked Puerto Plata and a battle ensued with the Cacerist forces commanded by General Cespedes. The Moralists were defeated and Rodriguez was killed. The remnant of his forces took refuge on the *Independencia*, which sailed for Monte Cristi. Meanwhile the Dominican exiles had been taking advantage of the

permission of Morales to land at that port, and the old stormy petrel Jimenez reappeared as a Moralist candidate for the Presidency. On January 5, Congress formally impeached Morales, leaving Caceres as the legal Acting-President.

The transformation scene in Santo Domingo appeared at first to be fatal to President Roosevelt's policy. It gave an opportunity to his oppo-

THE KNOTTY PROBLEM OF THE CHINESE

THE NEW AND AGGRESSIVE self-consciousness of the Chinese people is giving cause for anxious thought to all the Western nations. Anti-foreign outbreaks on a scale surpassing the Boxer rising are feared, and military experts are discussing the possibility of another expedition to Peking.

Three American regiments at Manila have been held under field orders in readiness for any emergency, and two more, with two batteries of artillery, have been ordered to the islands from home. Meanwhile an imposing delegation of high-class Chinese, including two viceroys, sent as imperial commissioners, and a number of students intending to enter American educational institutions, has come to the United States on a tour of investigation which is expected to furnish information upon the politics and industries of all the principal countries of the world.

Many years ago certain young people, who possessed what was then the rare distinction of having been born in California, formed an order called "The Native Sons of the Golden West," with lodges known as "parlors." Such an organization might naturally be expected to sympathize with the Pacific Coast view of Chinese exclusion, and the casual observer is at first surprised, therefore, when he sees a handsomely printed pamphlet, issued by the "United Parlor of the Native Sons of the Golden State," protesting against that provision of the Exclusion Law which deprives persons claiming to have been born in this country of the right to appeal to the courts from a decision

GEO. C. LUM, PRESIDENT
CHIN TIM, VICE-PRES.

T. JUNG GINTJEE
TREASURER

HONG LING, REC. SECRETARY
LEE T. YAT, FIN. SECRETARY

Native Sons of the Golden State
UNITED PARLOR
INCORPORATED, MAY 11-1895
767 CLAY STREET
San Francisco, Cal. Dec. 18th 1905.

A CURIOUS SIDE-LIGHT ON CHINESE AMERICANIZATION

Letter-head of a fraternal order composed of Chinamen born in California. The American flag, the Bear flag of California, and the State emblem show the progress of assimilation. This order is over ten years old

nents in the Senate of which they took prompt advantage. But it was at once explained on behalf of the Administration that the revolution was really an argument in favor of the treaty, because if that had been in force the disturbance would never have occurred. Besides, the members of the new government, which was simply the old government minus Morales, were all in favor of the arrangement. The American customs officials in Dominican employ are still at work.

of the immigration or customs officers denying their right to enter. This surprise diminishes, however, when it is noted that the officers of the United Parlor bear names like Chin Tim, Hong Ling, and Lee Yat. The organization is one of native American Chinamen; it puts the American flag and the State flag of California on its letter-heads, and its point of view is that not of Chinese but of American citizens whose rights are endangered. Such circumstances throw an interesting sidelight on the complexities of the problem of Chinese immigration, and suggest the possibility that the Americanizing of an Asiatic stock may not be as hopeless an undertaking as it is commonly supposed.

While some returning travelers say that here and there, for instance at Newchwang, the boycott of American goods in China has died out, the general consensus of testimony is that, as a whole, it is increasing, is spreading to new provinces, and is developing from an anti-American into an anti-foreign movement. The only thing that can check it now is believed to be a considerable change in the American exclusion policy. The question is how far Congress can be induced to go in that direction. What is asked on behalf of the Chinese is practically the complete abolition of all the fabric of restrictive rules built up by the experience of twenty-four years, and the return to a certificate system even simpler and more liberal than that provided for in the first Restriction Act of 1882. What Congress has to decide is whether the preservation of our vast and potentially illimitable trade with China is worth this sacrifice.

We have suffered from having our policy misrepresented by our own people, as in a recent magazine article by Mr. John W. Foster, former Secretary of State. It has been said that the steadily increasing stringency of our exclusion measures has been due to the pressure of the labor unions, with the implication that the whole process has been one of wanton, unprovoked persecution. Since Ameri-

cans have said this, it is not surprising that Chinamen have believed it. The truth is that every new picket nailed on the fence of exclusion has been designed to stop a hole discovered by the infinite

ministrative rules, the vigilant Pacific Coast Congressmen have devised another, and heretofore there has been a continuous race between the lawmakers and the lawbreakers.

Of course, if we abandon all the precautions taught us by experience, the frauds will begin again. The question is whether we could not now afford to let them, at least for some years. We have gained nearly a generation of precious time—the critical time in fixing the character of the population of our Pacific Coast. Since the passage of the first Restriction Act, the white population of the Pacific States has doubled and the Chinese population has declined. In 1900 there were only 93,283 persons of Chinese birth, many of whom had entered the country by fraud, in the United States, as against 107,488 in 1890 and 105,465 in 1880. Under even a liberal restriction law it would take some years to bring the number of Chinese here up to the figures of a quarter of a century ago, and probably they never would rise to such a proportion of the total population as they formed then.

The pride of the Chinese has been hurt by the enforcement against them of rules not applied to any other race. It does not seem to have been sufficiently impressed upon them that they have made enormously greater demands upon the hospitality of America than Americans have made upon that of China. It might give them some new ideas to offer them a treaty based upon absolutely equal and reciprocal terms. For instance:

"It is mutually agreed that the subjects or citizens of each of the high contracting Powers shall have the unrestricted right of migration to, and travel and residence in, the territory of the other until the number of such subjects or citizens of one of

the said Powers in the territory of the other shall reach fifty thousand, after which the Power receiving such immigrants shall have the right to take such measures as it may think fit to prevent their further increase."



THE AWAKENING OF CHINA

British bluejackets ashore at Amoy to protect foreigners during the riots incited by the Chinese merchants against the customs officers. These were Europeans in the employ of the Chinese Government

ingenuity of Chinese fraud. Our present system is the result of the hard experience of twenty-four years, and the holes are not all stopped yet. As fast as the importers of coolies and of slave women have learned to "beat" one law or one set of ad-

The Case Before the British Jury



ALTHOUGH the British Liberals entered the electoral campaign with prospects of success that approached as near a certainty as anything in politics could, there were dangerous possibilities which they could not afford to neglect. In 1900 the Tories jockeyed the

country into giving them a new term on the plea that the Empire was in danger. They have attempted to repeat the trick in a different form in 1906. Although British politics for the past three years has turned almost exclusively on the fiscal question, Mr. Balfour and his followers have tried to shift the issue to that of Home Rule for Ireland. If they could win the election on that issue they would undoubtedly claim the result as a mandate to introduce a protective tariff. The Irish question is one that bristles with difficulties for the Liberals. Their record and their principles forbid them utterly to repudiate the principle of Home Rule, and besides they need the Irish vote, not in Ireland, but in many doubtful constituencies of England. On the other hand, if they should allow the impression to prevail that their success meant the adoption of anything like the Gladstone policy, they would stir up a feeling in England that might reverse the present current in their favor.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has met the exigency with remarkable success. He has declined to make any definite statement of his Irish policy, merely assuring the electors that he would not

favor the creation of any Irish legislative body that would not be strictly subordinate to the Imperial Parliament, and allowing it to be understood that no Home Rule bill of any kind will be introduced on the mandate of the pending election. Both the Free Trade Unionists and the Irish Nationalists appear to be willing to take their chances with the Liberal Government. The Duke of Devonshire, who, with Chamberlain, led the great secession from the Liberal party when Gladstone first adopted the Home Rule policy, formally advised his followers to support the Liberal candidates against Protectionist Unionists. At the same time the United Irish League issued a manifesto, drawn up by John Redmond, advising Irish voters in Great Britain to vote for Liberals unless there were Labor candidates pledged to Home Rule in the field. This course, however, was to be followed only in case the Liberals were not Roseberyites. Where the choice lay between Unionists and Roseberyite Liberals, special advice was to be given on application.

One source of embarrassment to the Liberals has been the attitude of the Labor leaders. The accession of John Burns to the Cabinet has not secured the Labor vote. On the contrary, it has been bitterly resented. Burns is denounced by several Labor factions as a renegade, whose promotion is an insult to his late comrades, and in many constituencies independent workingmen's candidates will cut into the Liberal vote.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's announcement that the importation of Chinese coolies into the Transvaal would be stopped until a freely elected Transvaal legislature authorized its resumption, has so infuriated the mining speculators who have considered themselves the sole beneficiaries of the Boer war that the "Telegraph" threatens the

secession of all South Africa if the policy is persisted in. In view of the fact that the coolie traffic was begun in defiance of South African public opinion, this seems to be pulling out the tremolo stop a little farther than the occasion really requires. Mr. Balfour has devoted much of his attention to the Chinese question, declaring that the stoppage of coolie labor would throw the Transvaal into bankruptcy and seal the fate of the South African colonies.

In their election addresses the leaders of the two parties have at last joined issue squarely upon the fiscal question. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman stands by free trade, warning his countrymen to "think twice and thrice" before they "replace a bond which does not fret or gall by one which, though to the eye it may appear to present greater evidence of unity, must inevitably fetter that freedom upon which our successful colonial policy rests." Especially he warns Imperialists against the "identification of an Empire with dear bread," making the imperial tie so irksome and burdensome to the people of the motherland "as to lead them to complain, as Disraeli complained in the old days before the reform of the colonial system, that the colonies were tied like millstones about our necks."

Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, declares that "the time has arrived to adapt England's fiscal policy to the changing conditions of a changing world," and that if the Unionist party be returned to power, "it is to the reform of the fiscal system that its attention ought first to be directed." And Mr. Chamberlain, developing this theme, presents his scheme of colonial preference as the only salvation of the Empire, and expresses his warm admiration for and confidence in his late chief.



WHEN AN OWN

DRAWN BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK



OWNER DRIVES

WALTER APPLETON CLARK

AN EXIT OF MILLY'S

A LOVE STORY OF THE STAGE AND A TRIAL BY FIRE

By VIRGINIA TRACY

EVER since the first report of Milly's engagement a certain amount of prominence had attached itself to Edna Shaw, who not only shared the dressing-room with Milly, but was her most intimate friend. Milly was apt to come late to the theatre, and members of the Lincoln Stock who came earlier would drop into the girls' room and extract from Edna the latest news of this very satisfactory affair. Milly had acquaintances in many other little companies that sometimes played in Chicago, and some of these, too, sought out Edna, and privately inquired of her: Was it true that Milly was engaged? To whom? Was he good-looking? How old was he? Was he a society man? Was it true that he was a millionaire? When were they going to be married? Yes, Edna could tell them, it was quite true; Milly was going to marry a Mr. Fisk—Harry Fisk—a wholesale manufacturer of buckets and tubs and wooden goods. Well, Edna guessed that he was about thirty or less. He was very good-looking, yes, and went out a good deal, but he did not seem like what Edna would call a society man. Well, no, he was not a millionaire; he was very wealthy, but he was not a millionaire exactly. They were to be married at the end of this season. Then would come the inevitable, the crucial question: "She going to leave the stage?" "Oh, mercy, yes!" It was the only answer, the answer which settled the status, the desirability of the match, and the thoroughness of Mr. Fisk's intentions; it was always given and received with satisfaction, and yet, somehow, with a little pensiveness of regret, half recognized, but never spoken. It was as if one paused a moment. On the stage, where people marry early and late with equal facility and equal lack, as may be said, of provocation, there is something fearfully determinate about marrying away from it at twenty.

Not that they had any doubt of Harry Fisk. He had done just right by Milly in every instance. She had all the quotable, satisfactory tokens of an engaged girl—a diamond engagement ring, a settled date for her wedding, an ardent, respectful lover. He had given her a gold locket with his picture in it, a comb and brush and looking-glass in solid silver, a little guard-ring of forget-me-nots, and a watch with a diamond monogram, for her birthday. Everybody knew with pride how much more he wished to give her and how little she would take, everybody felt the propriety of the fact that she was going to Europe on her wedding trip. He made little dinner parties for her at his big pink stone house on the Sheridan Drive; occasionally Milly would let him take her and Edna, or old Mrs. Mathers, to supper after the performance; she went driving with him on Sunday mornings before the matinee; his mother frequently came to lunch with her at the frowsy boarding-house, where there was always a clutter of dressmaking for the next play. Milly's friends had nothing to complain of, and they all said to monotony that Milly had done mighty well for herself. But sometimes when they looked at Milly, at her gentle, airy movements, her pretty hands and eyes, at the secure, delicate balance of her charming little head, they could not but remember that she was young and tenderly light-hearted. As they watched her re-making her dresses, learning her parts, chattering, acting, cooking supper after the performance, in the burned frying-pan on the ten-cent gas stove, flushing easily with pleasure, holding out, unfailingly, quick little hands of help, then, suddenly, they would sometimes think that Harry Fisk was doing mighty well for himself, too. He was, when all was said and done, after all, only an outsider.

One night, when the popular mind had settled down to these congratulations, Edna got to the theatre just as half-hour was called. It was the end of May, the evening was oppressively hot, and Edna did not wonder that Milly had not come yet. She was to have gone to dinner at one of the big hotels with some friends of Harry Fisk, who were stopping there, and Edna thought it only natural that she should be late. When fifteen minutes was called, however, and Edna was still alone with the photographs, and the pink cheese-cloth of Milly's dressing place, she began to be a trifle nervous. Just then Milly came in.

"Aren't you a little late?" said Edna.

"What's called?"

"Just fifteen minutes. Did you have a good time?"

"I'm not late. At least— It doesn't matter."

Edna looked at her in surprise. She spoke with the extreme of dejected weariness, and as she silently took off her things and drew in her chair to the make-up shelf, she gave forth slightly sniffling sounds as if she had a cold.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Edna, staring.



"Why, Milly Davis, look at your hand! Where's your engagement ring?"

Drawn by George Wright

"Oh, nothing; I'm tired." She let down her hair.

"Did you have dinner with Mr. Fisk?" Edna asked.

"Yes."

"Anything go wrong, Milly?"

"No."

Edna started, and leaning forward rapped on the shelf with her bare foot. "Why, Milly Davis, look at your hand! Where's your engagement ring?"

"It's gone."

"Gone! You've lost it?"

"No, I haven't lost it. I've given it back."

"Given it back?"

"Yes."

"You're not going to marry him?"

"No."

"Well," said Edna, "you are a fool!"

Milly went on with her make-up. Every now and then her lips trembled or her eyes filled high with tears, but she forced the tears back again and pursed her lips. Occasionally her little throat shook with a tragic breath.

Edna settled her last hairpin, and, going up to Milly, took her gently by the shoulder. "Mid," she said, "you look all worn out. Mid, dear, you mustn't really quarrel." She bent lower and whispered softly: "Can't you tell about it, Middle? Try and tell me."

Milly turned and gripped Edna's hand; she looked up with the clear, impassioned gaze of a child into Edna's face. "He insists upon my leaving the stage."

"Well," said Edna, bewildered, "but you've meant to from the first."

"Yes, from the first. But it was just understood; both of us just drifted into it. But now, this afternoon, he insisted."

"Don't you want to leave it?"

"I don't want to be made to leave it." She drew a sharp breath, then she began rapidly to talk. "It was light yet when we came out from the hotel, and we walked up Michigan Avenue and over to the railroad bridge, and leaned over, and just then some fire engines went down the avenue. He was excited about them just like a boy; after they'd gone he said that sometimes he thought men were crazy to go into business when they could be going to fires; he said it was a perfect mania with him; he showed me a badge he wears under his coat, that takes him inside the fire lines; he says he can get coffee, you know, and things to the firemen, and do any kind of odd job faster than any non-professional in Chicago; he began to tell me about how, when he was at school, he ran away to join a fire company, and they wouldn't have him because he was too young. 'That wouldn't be the trouble now,' he said, 'and if you don't treat me right by and by, I'll run

away to the fire-house again, and you'll have to advertise for me.' He was joking, you know, and looking at me with that sort of a—that sort of a—contented—her mouth quivered. "Well, and I had been kind of blue and queer all day, and all of a sudden I said: 'Oh, that will be all right!'

When you take runaway trips to fires, 'I can take runaway trips back to the stage.' Then all that contentedness of his got, you know, sort of complacent, and he said: 'Oh, I guess we won't let you do that!' Somehow or other it made me mad, it was so like a smirk, and I said: 'How are you going to help it?' He looked at me very hard and quick, and said: 'What do you mean by that?' Well, I hadn't really meant anything at all, but all of a sudden I felt as if I had, and I said: 'You mean you wouldn't be willing? You wouldn't like it if I went back to the stage, ever?' And he said: 'I wouldn't have it.' Her little clinched fists trembled on the make-up shelf.

"Umph!" said Edna. She felt that she would like a few moments' conversation with Harry Fisk on the way to address a young woman who is earning her own living.

"When he said that," continued Milly, "I looked at him, and he seemed so big and strange, and I thought of that stone house up there by the lake, and how far away he lived from anything I'd ever cared about or known, and what it would be like to have to depend on him for everything, everything, and I could hardly breathe; I felt as if I were walking into a trap, as if some day, when it was too late, I should look around and find everything different, and I couldn't get away. Then there was a kind of crash inside me as if everything had broken and stopped. I was afraid. I felt as if the moment had come when

everything must be really decided, far, far more than when I said I'd marry him, for I was just happy then. And I leaned away from him against the bridge, and when I looked into his eyes I thought maybe I wasn't going to see them any more, and I said: 'What would you do if I refused to leave the stage at all?'

"Oh, Milly, what did he say?"

"He put out his hand to me and he said: 'Why, Mid, dear, what is it? What's the matter with you to-night?' And I said: 'Don't touch me! What would you do?' He looked at me a long time and then he said: 'I want you for myself. Can't you understand that? I've no idea of sharing you with something else. Do you think it's a nice thing for a husband to be living in one place, and then read in the morning paper what his wife's doing in another? Don't you know how a man feels about his wife? Do you think he wants her gallivanting around the country with a lot of actors?' He was all sort of stiff."

"Well," said Edna, "he's young himself."

Milly kept on; she was looking straight into the glass, her eyes were a little distended; she no longer felt like crying, but she was trembling violently. "I bowed to him and said: 'I thank you for the honor you've done me. I didn't understand before how you considered it.' And I walked away. Just as I got to the end of the bridge he stopped me and said: 'You've got to explain to me, Milly. I don't know what's got into you. I don't know what I've done. Why, I—I thought you were happy about marrying me, Mid. I thought you wanted to do it.' He had hold of my wrist so that I couldn't get away from him, there on the bridge, with people around, so I had to stand still, and I said to him: 'Suppose I ask you to give up your business, so that you could stay all the time with me?' 'Oh!' he said, 'oh, that's different!' 'Why's it different?' 'Why, I'm a man, Milly. I couldn't do a thing like that.' 'Do you mean, I asked him, that because I'm a woman I've got to make all the sacrifices, that it's I who have got to give up everything, all my life, all my work, my own people, everything—and for the chance of getting married—is that what you think? Do you make that a condition?' 'Oh, condition!' he said, 'you can make me sound a pup, all right. But one of us has got to do it. All I want is that we should be together and have our own home. Would you like me to be trailing round the country after you, Milly?' 'Which is it, I said, 'that makes you think it's any different for me than for you? What makes you think I'm your natural inferior?—because I'm a woman, or because I'm an actress?'

"Oh, Mid!" said Edna, "how silly!"

"Well, you wait, you wait! What do you think he

said then? He made a sort of impatient gesture—yes, he did, impatient—and he said: 'I can't understand what you see in it! God knows I'm offering you all I've got, all I am. It isn't all I'd like it to be for you, Milly, but I should think you'd prefer it to the stage, any day. I should think you'd be glad to get away from that kind of life. I thought a woman loved to have a home to look out for, and things quiet and pretty, and not to put a whole lot of stuff on her face, and make her living showing off before a crowd of people!' I managed to get my ring off, and I laid it on the railing of the bridge. And I said to him, 'I'm glad we understand each other at last. I know now how I have appeared to you all along. I've been disgusting to you when you've watched me in the theatre; you've been ashamed of me while I was on the stage! Of course, you don't want to be ashamed of your wife, and I don't want you to either. But it's a pity you didn't think of that before. It would have saved a great deal of—of pain. There's your ring. Please go away.' 'Look here, Milly!' he said, 'I can't believe—' 'No,' I said, 'I dare say you can't believe it, but it's true. There are women on the stage who wouldn't marry a man because he's rich and—and immensely respectable. Oh, I've heard from the beginning how grateful I ought to be to you, and how lucky I'd been to catch you, and how clever, and how generous and condescending it was of you, and what a good thing I'd done for myself! But I never expected to hear it from you! No, no, I did not! But I suppose you've been so run after by actresses—' He interrupted me: 'I wasn't ever run after by any actress in my—' And I said, 'All the worse!' Edna looked slightly puzzled. 'But, anyway, it's over; because I know now how I really feel about you. We've made a mistake. I'm very much obliged to you for offering me a home, but I can make my living without marrying for it, and I know now that I don't love you. I want you to go away from me; I'm tired of it all. I want you to take your hand off my wrist. I can't stand it. I feel as if I hated you.' He let go of me and looked at me, and then he lifted his hat and went off. I walked around the street awhile, and then I came in here."

Overture was called just then; she got up to put on her dress and Edna began buttoning it for her. "It's queer, Edna," she said shakily; "I was so proud to have him in front when I was acting. It's funny. Once he told me—he told me about himself, and he said that at first he hadn't expected I would ever look at him because he thought he was a dull fellow—and all the time that was what he was really thinking about me, that I was a girl who made her living by putting a lot of stuff on her face, and showing off before a crowd of people! Well, and so I am, so I am! I've made my living that way for four years, and now I'll do it all my life!"

"Oh, no!" insisted Edna, "he hasn't felt that way any more than you've felt what you said to him. You were both excited, that was all. And, Milly, people do marry each other to be together, and you've got to answer fairly what he says—would you like to have him trailing round the country after you?"

"No, I haven't got to answer anything," said the girl; "it's all answered and done with. It's all, all over. Everything."

She pinned an artificial flower in her hair, threw a scarf of imitation lace around her shoulders, picked up her property letter and her spangled fan. The first act was called, and the girls went downstairs together.

OUT in the streets the night was sultry and threatening, but the little bright theatre was filled with light and kindness. Kindness was always close about Milly wherever she went; it seemed to spring up round her to-night like an inarticulate welcome home. People looked at her with tender eyes and spoke to her in soft and cordial voices. In reality, it was only their gentle sentiment for the little girl who was going to be married, and whose marriage would take her so very far away; but to Milly it seemed as if they were trying to make up to her for something, to reassure and console her, and to tell her that in their world at least she was truly, highly, valued. And she accepted these wordless protestations, eagerly, lovingly; she felt like a person who has been chilly for a long time without realizing it, and suddenly is wrapped in a warm cloak; all the dear ways and services of home were real and sweet about her, and she wondered now how she had ever supposed that she could leave them. Her engagement seemed like some fantastic, impossible notion of a long time ago which she had never really expected to carry out. Suddenly she heard her entrance cue.

Her first scene went excellently. It was a scene that she always enjoyed; it was so actably written, and she had such a nice clever boy to play it with. They came off the stage together, followed by laughter and applause, and almost ran into the manager, who was standing in the entrance talking to the leading lady.

"Hallo, Mid," said the leading lady, putting her arm round Milly's shoulders. "How is our girl this night? Aren't you sorry you're going to lose your ingenue?" she asked the manager.

"Swear never to forget us!" said the nice boy, laughing, to pretend that he was not serious. He shook his head fiercely at Milly. "To run off with an outsider!"

"Well, I take both you folks to witness," said the manager, jocularly, "that if she gets tired of it she can come right back here and have anything that's going

in my shop. It's no bluff," he said to Milly with a nod and walked away. The nice boy made a face at her and ran up to his room.

The leading lady, who still had her arm round Milly, rather suddenly exclaimed: "Why, Milly, child, you're feverish! what are you so excited about? Look here, my dear, you don't want to overtire yourself these last few weeks just before your wedding. You want to look your best then, you know. You want Mr. Fisk to be proud of you, and we want to, too. We don't want it said any of those North Side girls ever looked so sweet and pretty as our Mid." She shook out her train and stepped on to the stage.

Milly leaned against the wall. There was no hurry about changing her dress; it was a four-act play, and she did not go on again till the last act. She did feel feverish now, but the feeling was a pleasure to her; it was a part of her enthusiasm, of her wild gratitude and tenderness for the people who held her dear, the people that she belonged to. A curious fatigue was hidden in all this energy, but seemed only to sharpen it.

Some one from the box-office came up to her with a letter that had got mixed with the mail for the front of the house. "Hew! it's hot back here!" said the man. "It's blowing up a gale outside."

When Milly broke the seal, she found that the letter was an offer for next season from a new stock company to play ingenues at ten dollars a week more than she was then receiving. Everywhere the familiar hand of her own world seemed stretched out to her in comfort and without reproach.

Milly drifted toward the back door. She was drawn there by what the man had said about the gale coming up. There was a restful strength and freshness in the thought. The back door was propped open, and she could see clouds of dust swirling past it; a tide of wind, dusty, too, and only beginning to be chilled out of the afternoon heat, swept up the long passage toward the stage.

The back-door man warned her: "You'll get covered with soot, Miss Davis, if you stay here."

She smiled at him, shaking her head, and stood leaning against the door frame, looking out into the disturbed and sulphurous darkness.

Edna came down the hall and drew herself a glass of water from the water-cooler, in order to pretend that that was what she had come for. After a little more business indicative of a mind at rest, she got herself to

The back-door man, peering over Milly's head, leisurely remarked: "What a night for a fire!"

Edna gave a slight start. But to Milly the word did not seem to recall her quarrel of the afternoon; she continued to look out stolidly, and the back-door man volunteered a further statement: "I kind of thought I heard the engines a while back, but I'm not sure."

"There was a fire somewhere this afternoon, I believe," Edna politely answered.

"No, I mean short of an hour ago—over toward Wabash. It seems as if fires always pick out these kind of nights. But, Lord! the whole South Side might burn down for all we'd know of it in here."

He scowled out into the alley, and at that moment a man turned the corner of it and came toward them at a sharp run.

As he neared the door and recognized Milly, he slackened his pace, and with a disjointed ease of manner, hastily produced, lifted his hat and called out to her: "Good evening. Windy, isn't it? Seen anything of Harry?" It was George Fisk, Harry's brother.

"What's the matter?" said the girl.

"Why, there isn't anything the matter. We just hoped—we thought he might have come up here."

Milly drew her lace scarf tighter around her shoulders. "He's not here," she said.

"Oh, all right. It doesn't matter. I just thought I'd like to speak to him a minute." He was not much more than a boy, and he looked at Milly with a dumb helplessness, like that of a person who can not predict his next step.

"What made you think he was here?" she asked.

"Oh, Milly," said the boy, "we don't know where he is!" His face puckered as if he meant to sob, and "It's just that I've been running," he insisted. "We thought he might have come up here to keep you from being anxious—in case you heard the engines."

"Engines! Fire engines! Is that what you mean?"

"Well, I do, yes. The hotel, you know—Harry went back to say good-by to the Reveres, and just after he came out everybody saw it was on fire. We lost sight of him just then, in the crowd."

"After he came out?"

"Why, yes! He helped at the beginning, but, of course, after the firemen got there they wouldn't let him go in again."

"He had his badge," said the girl.

"Oh, did he? Yes, of course." He smiled stupidly, pretending that he had forgotten about the badge. "Only we got sort of anxious, not seeing him again; you never can quite tell what he's up to about a fire. So I thought I'd come here and ask."

"He didn't come to me."

"Well, I'm sorry I bothered you. He'll be mad as the dickens when he finds it out. I'll let you know about him as soon as he turns up." George trotted off down the alley, and "He didn't come to me," the girl called after him.

There was a dead and almost dreadful silence. The back-door man looked at Milly with a concern that was scarcely the less sympathetic for its curiosity; then he caught Edna's eye, and with a friendly wrinkling of his face slouched up the hall and left the girls together.

Edna laid a soft touch on Milly's arm. "Mid, dear," said she, "don't worry! He's all right. He's just got mixed up in the crowd, that's all. Do you for a minute suppose that he'd be allowed to get into any danger?"

"No," said Milly, "I suppose not."

Edna felt, somehow, a little dashed. "Well, then," she continued, "you mustn't just frighten yourself for nothing, imagining he'll get hurt."

"I don't imagine it," said Milly. "Why should I?"

Edna had read in many popular novels of such a thing as an unnatural calm, and she now peered anxiously into Milly's face. "You'd better cry, dear, if you want to," she said; "not, of course, that there's anything to cry about, but I'm afraid you're thinking of something dreadful."

"I'm not thinking of his going back again into the hotel, if that's what you mean. What would he go back for?"

"Why," said Edna, "I—a—"

"I don't know what he did, nor where he went, nor where he is. Why should I? He likes to go to fires, and he has a perfect right to. It's his business. I'm nothing to him. He—he doesn't belong to me."

"Oh, nonsense, you—"

Milly stopped her with a turn of the head. "Please, just let it alone. Don't you understand, Edna, that our engagement's broken? It's broken, sure enough. It was always impossible. Always. He's gone. That's all over. I'll never see him again—never." She stopped quietly, and once more leaned against the doorway and looked out into the alley. The voice of the leading man reached Edna's ears, and as she was on for the climax of the first act she kissed Milly and ran off toward the stage. "I don't know where he is," Milly somewhat stupidly reiterated.

The curtain fell on the first act. The orchestra burst out in simulated triumph, people scamped for their dressing-rooms, the stage hands let loose upon the set plunged it into chaos. Milly turned round suddenly and found herself alone. She looked back at the stage that shone there, all flooded with light, tossing with the scenery which men flung and banged about, noisy with the calls of stage hands, with the directions of the carpenter and the electrician, the "ssh! ssh!" of the stage manager, with the delicious, familiar, tingling



"He had hold of my wrist so that I couldn't get away from him"

the back door and paused a moment—to enjoy the view. Presently she could not help asking Milly if she were not afraid of catching cold. Milly said no, and then they remained standing there together silently.

"There's goin' to be a big change in the weather!" commented the back-door man.

Torn papers blew past them up the alley, the dust made little whirlpools and eddies by in a gritty and choking powder that was strong enough to taste; in the strip of sky that was visible above the roofs, masses and billows of heavy cloud, dark, smoky, but fringed with torn froth of light like stormy water, scudded before the furious wind.

call of the orchestra—and then— With the dirt and torn papers whirling round her satin slippers, her spangled fan swaying on its ribbon, the wind tugging at the artificial flowers in her hair, tearing at her ruffled skirts, and blowing her light scarf away from her bare arms and neck, hatless, the dark, flaring night only half concealing the paint and powder, the stage make-up on her face, she started forward into the alley and ran down it toward the street.

BEFORE she knew it she was at the corner of Randolph, caught in a noisy stream of yellow light and besieged by clanging cable-cars. She was a little bewildered by the change, and at first could see nothing but the dark tides of people rushing on, indifferently, inhumanly, and the sharp contrast of glittering signs, staring and golden in the velvet blackness of the thick Chicago night. The hotel was distant some six or seven blocks to the southeast, and in that direction a glowing haze brooded in the sky. The girl turned toward State Street and ran on.

The wind was very cruel to her as she ran, and more especially after she turned south, from which direction it was rushing up, sweeping State Street clear of the window-shopping crowds; she seemed to waste her strength and breath against it as against a moving wall. People stared at her, of course; some of them laughed and some few hesitated and frowned anxiously after her; even families hurrying to get home before the storm stopped and pointed; once a policeman followed her a little way, and then his helmet blew off, and he was obliged to give his attention to that. A conductor on a passing car pointed her out hilariously to some gentlemen on his platform; a loitering, brazen-looking woman stared after her and said: "Poor little crazy thing!" Milly noticed nothing of this; the sense of concentrated hurry, the violently contrasting light and darkness, the noises of the wind, and of the rushing vehicles in that vast thoroughfare, all seemed somehow to isolate her from the little human sounds and gestures that were lost in them; her way seemed wholly lonely to her as she fled between the profuse but ordered brightness of the shops and the loud, streaming street. In the window of a huge emporium for hats a little brown rat was running mistakenly about, frantic to find a less conspicuous pleasure ground; Milly saw him darting among the spring confections, among the mirrors and electric bulbs, but with no sense of anything unusual in the sight. Only her heart struggled in her throat, and though she ran as fast as she could, she seemed to make no progress; she began to feel a bad pain in her side, once she turned her ankle, twice she stumbled at crossings, and the last stumble shook her so that soft, little, dry sobs began to break upon her lips. And still, over everything, the storm gathered and gloomed and shrieked, and people were intent upon their own affairs, and let her pass.

Milly turned into Wabash Avenue and stopped dead. She had run upon a great crowd that was all set one way, staring and thrilling. Milly was brought to a complete standstill, and in the pause she looked about her and awoke. The side street through which she had just come was choked with engines, one or two people were coming up it at a trot, but the fire had been burning for a considerable time, and had long since collected its spectators. Wabash Avenue was jammed with congested traffic, even the trains on the elevated road were stopped; the crowd had been roped off, and there across this roped-in space, where the hotel ought to have been, was a solid mountain of dull smoke.

On the steps and in the entrances and windows of all the buildings near at hand, the guests of the hotel, most of them bareheaded, and some of the women crying and wretched, had collected to watch the fire. Its earlier sensational effects were already past, but it was impossible, in sight of that lowering splendor, to give up what no one would have called the hope that there might be more of them to come. The general interest was still very eager, but no longer desperate, so that the crowd was orderly and easy tempered, and the policeman and the occasional fireman, who came and went, upon, as it were, the business of gods, pushed through it as indifferently as a swimmer through the sea. Milly was wedged closely in at the side of a high iron stoop, and she was sheltered a little from the wind which from time to time swept down upon the crowd, and bent and tore and staggered it, but she paid for this immunity in being the more tightly packed about with people. These braced themselves against the storm and called back and forth through it, clutching at their flapping clothes and pointing out new places within the smoke; to Milly's frenzied breathlessness they had no personal humanity, but were merely tall and insensible, like trees. She tried to push her way on and could not, she spoke to this person and to that, and those who became aware of her at all turned upon her a cold eye of inattention that was startled for a moment by her fantastic garb, and then forgot her in the fire's next caprice. Almost next to Milly there was a small old lady who kept whimpering something about a lost brooch: "Aunt Emiline's cameo brooch!" She clung to the arm of a young man in full evening dress who gripped a bath towel in his hand, and Milly plucked first at his sleeve and then at the old lady's without being able to gain any attention. "Please," she said, "I beg your pardon—do you know—" In the distance there was a sudden crash. "By George!" said the young man, "that was a close one!"

Milly turned toward the stoop with some wild hope of swarming up the side of it, and at that moment a bright new flare crimsoned over the street, and at the top of the stoop she recognized a stout old gentleman whom she had met somewhere with Harry. She could not remember his name, but it was something like Dunlap, and so she called out to him: "Mr. Dunlap! Mr. Dunlap!"

On the steps near the hand-rail stood a placid woman, and with her was a very pretty girl with a fur coat over one arm who held a parrot's cage in her other hand. She rested this cage upon the railing, and a switch of hair which she carried in that hand hung into the cage; the parrot kept biting at it wildly and screaming with laughter. A little fat girl in her father's arms screamed with laughter, too, at every bite, and kept punching at her father to make him look at the parrot, whose young mistress herself called at regular intervals into the crowd: "Papa! Papa!" and after some time a man's voice answered her, "Stay there. What? Stay where you are." The crowd was for the most part intensely quiet, and it seemed as if this little pandemonium had sprung up round Milly out of pure spite. She continued to send into it her little entreaties: "Mr. Dunlap! Mr. Dunlap! Oh, please, please, won't you look here, Mr. Dunlap, please!" and the wind picked them up and tossed them away again. A man near the gentleman



"Milly! wait a second!"

whose name was something like Dunlap made a trumpet of his hands and bawled down to a policeman: "They say they got 'em all out! Yes? Heh! They say they got 'em all out!" Milly caught at the policeman and begged of him: "Oh, officer, please—" "Everybody got out," said the officer automatically, and raised his head to shout the same thing to the insistent gentleman on the stoop. "Oh, but won't you tell me—" Milly pleaded, and the policeman, still without looking at her, soothingly and unconvincingly replied: "Yes, lady, everybody. Here! Back, there! Get back!" and he plunged toward the fire line. The gentleman whose name could not have been so very much like Dunlap, after all, leaned over the railing for no explicable reason, but his glance did not distinguish Milly, and he was spared the astonishment of a recognition. Milly screamed at him: "Mr. Dunlap! have you seen Harry?" and then the soft, bright, bloodlike light faded and passed. Milly looked once more ahead of her. The gray screen of smoke was there again, but this time spurts and darts of flame rushed here and there within the mist and burst out of it; it wavered softly and blew back and forth, showing the edges and outlines of the building. Suddenly, in a roar of wind, the fire blazed through the roof and poured out of the windows of the top floor; the wind took up great puffs of it in handfuls and blew them down the street. Milly could see firemen on the roof; great deluging streams of water leaped across the road right at the open windows. Then the smoke closed in again. The crowd drew a single breath of satisfied dramatic instinct. Outsider to all this satisfaction, weak and sick with helplessness, Milly beat her hands together, and tears ran down her face. She seemed to have lost hold of everything. In all this separate world, this absorbed, impersonal, insensate universe, there was no trace of Harry.

The first thing which seemed to attract the interest of the crowd was the rapping of great single drops of rain that began to flop down upon the upturned faces. People started a little then, but at that moment the wind lifted the smoke like a single curtain and swept it to one side, and the hotel could be distinctly seen, burning away, clearly and steadily, in the dark night. The worst of the fire was toward the top of the house, and the firemen were still busy on the roof; among them was a tall fellow who was distinguishable from the others by being without a helmet; he was very quick and active, and did not seem the less in the thick of things for being hatless. And suddenly with a little sharp cry Milly plunged into the crowd and began to bore a path through it. "I'm not sure? I'm not sure!" she insisted to herself; but she pushed and poked her way on, with some notion that if she got nearer to the hotel she would be able to make sure of the identity of that tall man without a hat. She was still crying bitterly, and an old gentleman, straight through whom she had attempted to prod, beneficently clutched and held her. "There isn't anybody in there, ma'am," he told her. "They got 'em all out long ago." She stood passive in his grasp, deaf to his words; as soon as he released her she pressed forward again, and when she looked up she could still see the man on the roof, and now it seemed quite certain to her that it was Harry.

The raindrops had continued to splash smartly down, but just as it was time for them to thicken they ceased altogether, and the wind, which had squallied like mad upon their advent, passed away with them. A sultry quiet followed, nervous and breathless, and presently, within this quiet, the first thunder of the season roared in the hurry of its advance. Even the fire was not behaving quite as it had done. The smoke was nearly gone, and the contagious bursts of flame were much less frequent, so that whole suites blazed contentedly away, while the windows next them remained dark. In one room, which was so filled with the clear infernal light that the pictures on the walls were visible, a fireman could be seen walking composedly about with a hose in his hand, literally through fire and water—a creature impervious to the elements and sprinkling a volcano as if it had been a summer lawn. The people about Milly began to say: "They've got it under control. Yes, they've got it under control now." Except for the rolling thunder the ominous tenseness of the atmosphere continued its suspense.

Milly had pushed her way to the very front, to the line of people straining against the ropes. She found herself no better off than before, with the dark bar of the Elevated cutting worse than ever across her view, and in the patchy glimpses of the roof which she occasionally caught the hatless fireman was no longer there. She turned her back upon the fire. With the quiet exactness that comes before hysteria, she observed, beside a lamp-post a few feet away, a pile of paving-stones. She made her way to them, rigorously commanding herself; she felt as if she were giving somebody or something a last chance. She scrambled on to the stones and immediately stood head and shoulders above the crowd. But neither north nor west nor south nor behind her across the roped-in street was there anything new, anything familiar. And instantly the something that she had been controlling broke loose, the thought of Harry rose in her like a scream, and she called it aloud, as loud as she could: "Harry!"—as far as she could send her little voice over the inhuman crowd into the unfriendly night—"Har-ry!"

The people near the lamp-post turned, agape, and were suddenly even more amazed by what they saw than by what they had heard; it was like a nightmare trick of vision—the little garish creature high under the pale light of the lamp—and in a moment's change of front she was the centre of attention. People frowned and giggled; they stared and thought vaguely of policemen; a girl's voice snapped out sharply, with unintentional loudness: "Why, she's crazy, isn't she? Crazy?" There was a laugh, and then a man called out something coarse to Milly, and Milly heard him, but only with a deadened sense of his intention. She looked stupidly at him for a moment, and then her eyes traveled on to a lighted window across the sidewalk—a window behind which people had been sitting, who now stood up with bewildered, flurried movements; they were the people with whom she and Harry had dined at the hotel, his friends and his mother. In the first moment she could not realize it; she turned again and strained her eyes back to the burning roof; the tall figure was there again, but not so clearly visible in the lessening fire, and she came slowly to herself as through unbelievable depths. As she faced the window again, the great raindrops began to splash once more, in earnest this time, and again the wind arose, and Milly's sense of reality seemed to rise with it and to grow pitilessly cold and clear. She saw distinctly these people of Harry's, quiet and dressed suitably, and decorously housed within their window, and she saw herself in the street and the rain; she was back into the world of everyday considerations—"I'm nothing to him. He doesn't belong to me"—that had come true at last. Saw herself conspicuous, forlorn, belonging to nobody, a ridiculous little creature of tawdriness and spectacle, in paint and powder, in spangles and flummery, the very legendary figure of a mountebank! With a hand upon the lamp-post, she now in her turn merely stood and stared, and for a moment she scarcely knew what she was hearing—"Mid! Milly! Wait!" She was poised to leap down from that undesirable height, but

at the sound of her name she looked up over her shoulder at the tall fireman; he was still there, sure enough, but the call had not come from him; she turned again slowly, unbelievably, to the cry of "Milly! wait a second!" And there, a little soiled and smoky and disheveled, a little damp and blown about, and with his long raincoat streaming to the winds of night, but very much alive—alive and well and wholly hers—came Harry Fisk. The storm came with him and broke at last, broke in a tumult of wind and water, drowning out the crowd, the whiffling engines, the brightly dying fire. For an instant the world roared and rocked between them, and then he had lifted her down. "Harry!" was once more all she said—"Harry! Harry!"

"GEE!" said Harry Fisk to Edna, as he stood steaming comfortably beside the bunchlight, "I don't know what we would have done without you. You're sure she's all right now?"

"Oh, yes!" said Edna, "she'll be down in a minute." Harry was a privileged character behind the scenes, and the manager passing at that moment nodded hospitably to him. A vision of Harry springing from the cab, with Milly wrapped in his raincoat, swept hysterically across Edna's recollection; she imagined the manager's face if he could have seen that, and she broke into a strangling giggle: "Oh, but it was dreadful! I was simply crazy! I didn't know what to do then; where she was, even. In another ten minutes I should have had to speak to the management. I've made her up all over again. She'll have all to-morrow morning to fix up her first-act dress. At first she was pretty chilled, but she swallowed the whiskey you sent up, and when she gets home I'll make her take quinine."

Harry Fisk looked about him with a vague trouble in his eyes. He seemed to be appraising from a new standpoint the ordered activities of Milly's workshop. He presently said: "She must have been pretty nearly

crazy, too." He paused over this fact with a reverence for it which seemed to preclude any sort of relish in it. Just then they saw Milly coming toward them a little weakly, a little listlessly, but when she met their eyes she smiled, too. Harry's half whisper took on a lighter tone: "I made something like a record-breaker getting her back in time. It's wonderful—she came after me, you know—a man's being kind of happy—oh, well! there are things— But just the same, if they'd come to a complete stop up here, where they've always treated me right—I'd have felt a pretty mean sneak if the old place had had to shut up, because she left it in the lurch." Milly had come up in time to hear this last, and he looked at her with a half shy, half confident appeal that she should understand from him a message beyond his power of speech.

The girl looked round the theatre, steadily, judiciously; a little spasm of mockery broke across the content of her face. "Oh, I left it, sure enough!" she said.



OVER SUCH ROADS AS THESE, WHICH ARE TYPICAL OF OUR PRAIRIE STATES, THE BURDEN OF OUR NATIONAL PRODUCE HAS TO BE HAULED TO MARKET

GOOD ROADS MAKE GREAT NATIONS

By HON. W. P. BROWNLOW, Congressman from Tennessee

AUTHOR OF THE "BROWNLOW BILL," WHICH PROVIDES FOR GOVERNMENT SUBSIDY IN ROAD CONSTRUCTION

NATIONAL aid to highway construction as a plain, practical business proposition is, in my opinion, paramount to any question that now presents or that can possibly be suggested, because good roads would do more for the country than any other one thing that can be named, or any dozen or more things combined. The question is outside of and above party politics, its entire constitutionality is now almost universally admitted, and the necessity for it is present in every household in the land. It is important to every calling and condition; to every trade and profession; to every toiler in whatever field of human endeavor; to every manufacturing interest and industrial concern; to every church and school, and to the stability of the Government itself.

I am aware that many people in cities and towns regard the road question as one affecting the farming interests alone. If this were true, it would yet be simple justice and only a recognition of the existence of reciprocal obligation between the Government and the people for the general Government to extend its aid, for the reason that all wealth and all prosperity depend upon agriculture. The farmers are the only real producers; all others are consumers. The farmers preserve the balance of trade in American favor year by year. Strike down agriculture, and chaos would quickly follow; cripple agriculture, and every interest in the land would suffer. But it is not true that the farmers alone are interested in this great question. It is pregnant with interest to the consuming population of towns and cities, and to railroads, manufacturers, and tradesmen as well. Furthermore, church and school interests must inevitably be retarded while road conditions remain as they are to-day. The rural schools are the schools of the masses in which are laid the deep and lasting foundations for coming lives of usefulness and for the betterment of mankind. The rural church-house is the birthplace of Christian character, of high ideals of life, and of patriotic purpose. Neither rural church nor school can flourish where impassable roads abound, and if these can not prosper the American home can not long survive, because the American home can only be perpetuated in its present glory through the uninterrupted progress of

civilization and the wholesome growth of Christianity and the spread of education in the land.

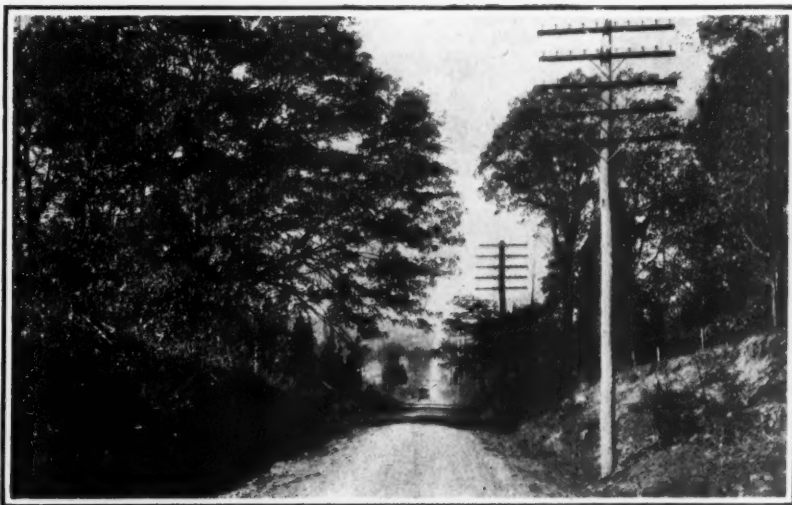
There is a feature of this question which persons accustomed to thoroughness in every other line of thought seem to entirely overlook, especially dwellers in towns and cities. It is the universal interest involved, and upon this I desire to speak with special emphasis. Aside from church, school, and social economy, there is meat in the question for every man to digest. If the common roads of the country were brought to a condition that would enable farmers to market their products at

age family in town or city buys only in small quantity at one time, say a day's or a week's supply. What is the result? The speculator, finding prices low and knowing that in a little while the bad-roads season will be on, when competing products will be kept from the trade centres, buys up the surplus and stores it away for the day of necessity when he can demand and receive his own price for his holdings—the stuff for which men toil, which they are compelled to have at whatever cost. And when the citizen in towns—the mechanic and operative of the shops and factories—is forced in winter and spring to pay exorbitant prices for those articles of household necessity which went begging for buyers at low prices the preceding fall, he figures the increased cost of living in comparison, and grows restless and discontented, and is easily led into strikes and other labor disturbances that are so disastrous to the business of the country and so prolific of other hurtful consequences. This, of course, is not all that enters into strike causes, but it contributes a full share.

It is a perfectly plain proposition that the continuous, orderly operation of industrial business depends on measurably contented employees; that men are never, and can never be, contented when the cost of living is above their earning capacity; and that prices of foodstuffs from the farm would be always at a decent living level to all concerned if the country had systematically improved highways over which farmers could travel to market any day in the year. These farmers would then realize better prices for their products than they now do, at less cost for marketing, and still be

able to sell to all classes of consumers at lower prices than are forced by speculators in the bad-roads season.

Again: The farmer, the mainstay and dependence of the Republic in every emergency, feels that his substance is annually swallowed up in the unhappy conditions that deny him reasonable market communication at his best time to sell. He is discontented when remembering that he pays about sixty-eight per cent of all the taxes, and yet receives no direct consideration at the hands of the Government, while unnumbered millions have been given from the national treasury to better conditions everywhere except upon the farm.



AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT A GOOD AMERICAN ROAD CAN BE

all seasons of the year, the cost of living in town and city would be greatly lessened, and discontent among laboring people and the operatives of industrial concerns would largely decrease, if it did not entirely disappear. Why and how?

Present road conditions compel farmers to rush their products to market as soon as harvested, when the roads are at their best, since by waiting a convenient time they may not get there at all because of bad roads. This naturally congests the market, forcing low prices, to the great detriment of the producer and without appreciable benefit to the consumer, because the aver-

The man who digs out of the soil that which sustains all progress and prosperity knows that while Government aid has been lavished upon railroads and ocean-going commerce, not one dollar, since the construction of the old Cumberland road, has been expended by the United States to facilitate commerce between the farm and the market. The more than four hundred million dollars which have been given to river and harbor improvement went out of the Treasury on the theory that the improvement of transportation facilities is a matter of vital public concern. The theory is correct, and it carries with it the indorsement of Government aid in the improvement of wagon roads, because these are the primary and therefore the most important transportation lines in our system. While it is undeniable that the influence of public schools, the press, the pulpit, and other institutions marks the progress of civilization, yet all these are more or less dependent upon the facilities of intercourse between the people. Good roads through the country would do much to relieve the congestion of population in great cities, and thus the social fabric would be strengthened, because rural life is conducive to the highest moral standards, whereas in crowded city tenements vice runs riot with its malign influence.

The proposition to have the Government aid the States in the improvement of highways, as embodied in the bills now before Congress, means only to dis-



THE TWO INSTRUMENTS THAT ARE REVOLUTIONIZING OUR ROADS

The automobile and the Rural Free Delivery wagon are bringing the nation to a realization of its duty

charge a national obligation. The Government belongs to the people. In its control there is a community of interest involved. The necessity for Government aid to good roads is so plainly apparent that it is outside the domain of controversy. Bad roads in the United States cost the producing people \$1,500,000 every twenty-four hours. This drain is fearful; it is deadening the national life, and is a national disgrace. Good roads develop good people. The wagon roads are

contentment as the country never yet has known, or are we to go on in the old century-ridden ruts laid along the trail of the bison and the deer by the fathers of the Republic? Will the people let their Senators and Representatives sleep upon a bill which provides for their paramount need? Good roads may become law during the life of the Fifty-ninth Congress if the people themselves demand it. But without the demand from the people, Congress will not act.

the highways along which civilization and development move. The Rural Free Delivery in our Postal Service is doing much to awaken our Congressmen to the needs of the country roads; and the development of the touring automobile is bringing the urban population to better understand the highway needs of the nation. Every interest of our people demands good roads, and we can only have them through a great national movement, the Government of the United States leading the way.

In conclusion: About one-third of our people bear the total cost of the construction and improvement of the common roads. The people of the cities and towns, equally interested in these roads, pay nothing to keep up betterments, but they do pay an enormous cost annually for the presence of bad roads, as I have pointed out. The problem of the age is yet to be solved. Shall we have Government aid and a system of scientifically constructed roads, blazing the way to such prosperity, such peace and

THE POLICEMAN AND THE MOTOR CAR

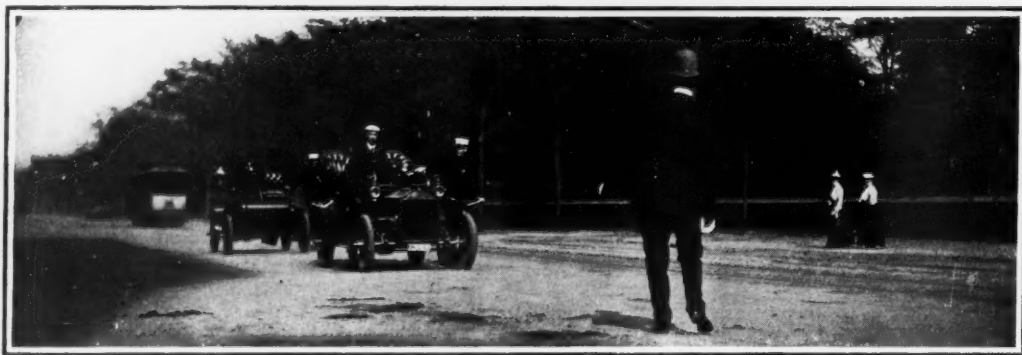
By RALPH D. PAINE

IN bygone days, when the bicycle fever raged and the humpbacked scorchers were one of the most conspicuous pests of civilization, the police of cities found that they must reckon with a new factor in the tangled traffic of their streets. The "speed madness," which took on a more virulent and dangerous aspect with the coming of the automobile, early infected the bicycle hordes. Another peril was put in the path of the lowly pedestrian, and in New York, for example, so many citizens were bumped off their pins, and so many ambulance gongs clanged in the wake of the scorchers, that new measures had to be devised to meet the new conditions. The policeman on foot was useless for overhauling the wild-eyed offender on a wheel, and there could be no enforcement of speed regulation without equipping the law with speed enough to catch the man who defied it.

Therefore, the bicycle squad was trained and turned loose to check the evil. Its men learned to use stop-watches with an accuracy that spread havoc among the scorchers, and waxed so valiant in wind and muscle that no chase was too long, no pace too swift for them to run down the law-breaking cyclist. When the automobile began to multiply, the Traffic Squad was in training to tackle new emergencies of this kind, and there arose a stirring war between the untiring "bicycle cops" and the machines which showed a tendency to run amuck in the crowded city streets.

Little by little this latest problem of street traffic has been worked out until to-day its regulation in New York surpasses in efficiency that of any other large city of the country. Of course, the automobile is only one of many kinds of vehicles which swell the roaring tide of traffic in the streets of New York, but it was for a time the most spectacular, menacing, and difficult to handle of them all.

Unless one examines the records it is difficult to realize how radically the automobile has been tamed in New York within the last three or four years. The number of machines owned in the city has increased by thousands, while the number of arrests and disasters has been steadily reduced. Where to-day the precinct blotter of the Traffic Department of the New York Police records from five to eight automobile arrests in a



LAW-BREAKING MOTORISTS UNDER ARREST GOING TO THE STATION HOUSE

week, it held as many as this in a single day two years ago. Where one ambulance call is reported now, five were turned in then. In other words, the automobile has been almost removed from among the "extra hazards" of daily life in a great city.

By way of finding out just how these benefits had been achieved, and how the system works, I decided to violate as many of the police regulations as was possible in a busy day, and see what would happen. The undertaking was eminently successful. The lawless

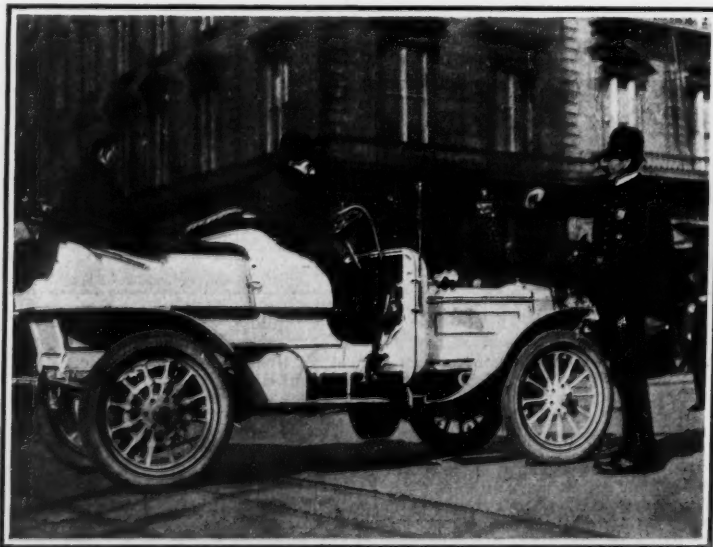
less automobilists genuinely caught red-handed. It was discovered that the best police work has been accomplished, not in chasing the speed maniacs of the parks and boulevards, but in bringing order out of chaos in the heart of the most congested sections of the city. At Union Square and Fourteenth Street, for example, the era of the automobile revived the terrors of "Dead Man's Curve," until at length the Traffic Squad so diverted the streams of travel that all vehicles moving the same way must follow a charted course. No

sooner had our machine turned into Broadway, heading north toward Union Square, than a mounted policeman clattered from the curb and blocked the way. There was no room for argument.

"Go round the other way," he commanded; "you can't come here."

An attempt to argue the matter came so perilously near the edge of arrest that the law-breakers turned and followed the eddy of travel that swirled into a side street and left the crossing clear, and the lines of automobiles, trucks, wagons, cabs, and street-cars moving without check or delay. At Madison Square, where ropes are stretched to make chutes through which the traffic is directed, the capture was even more summary. Three policemen had surrounded the machine before it had passed a dozen yards into forbidden territory. At Herald Square, most dangerous of all the city crossings under the old regime, the policeman who was dodging amid the ruck of vehicles was not too busy to let an automobile pass the wrong way, and he was after it like a hound on a hot trail.

The machine pressed in in a reckless mood to force the issue. The man in pursuit did not waste breath. He stopped, whistled, waved his arms, and a block in advance two of his



THE "GO-ROUND-THE-OTHER-WAY MAN" AT MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

comrades dashed into Broadway and waited. Fairly trapped, the pirate craft was halted and meekly struck her colors. It transpired that the attitude of the Traffic Squad toward the automobile is not one of ambushed hostility, but rather of forbearance toward a race of beings who are not presumed to have common sense. Even when we were thus caught in the flagrant act, the policemen were considerate enough to present us with copies of the "Rules of the Road," neatly done in pamphlet form, and to deliver a lecture mild, but firm, whose import was: "Don't do it again if I let you off this time."

Solution of the Traffic Problem

Being "held up" and forced to retreat at the Fifty-ninth Street Circle was largely a repetition of previous episodes. These experiences showed that by means of a sound idea originated by Mr. McAdoo, while Police Commissioner, and put into operation with thoroughgoing discipline and vigilance, the automobile problem has been robbed of most of its terrors for city dwellers. For a heavy percentage of the accidents used to happen at just such crowded intersections as these, where traffic swirled both ways at once, and neither pedestrians nor vehicles had any leeway to turn or to escape. In this new fashion Broadway has been policed all the way down to the Battery and the Brooklyn Bridge. It is no longer possible for a man to be looking up street for danger while an automobile from downtown smites him from behind. Nor can a reckless driver hurtle into the swarming crossings of these streets, because a police outpost nabs him before he reaches the danger zone.

The question of speed is another chapter in which the blue-clad man on the bicycle looms to the front. We met him first on upper Fifth Avenue. The machine was "let out" until the purring engines were driving her along a cleared stretch of pavement at a round twelve-miles-an-hour gait. Two blocks had been covered when past the car shot a man on a wheel whose sturdy legs were pumping like piston-rods, but who had breath enough left to roar a command to halt. The ensuing dialogue was like this:

"We were going only eight miles an hour. We're sure of it."

"That don't go. I've got a speed indicator on my wheel that says you were going an easy twelve over the last block, for I've been trailing just behind you. And when I saw you coming, I noticed you were speeding up a few, and I put the stop-watch on you. Here's my time-card with it all figured out. So many seconds to go a block is a gait of so many miles an hour. You're pinched. Tell the rest of it to the sergeant. I'll stand by my figures till hell freezes over."

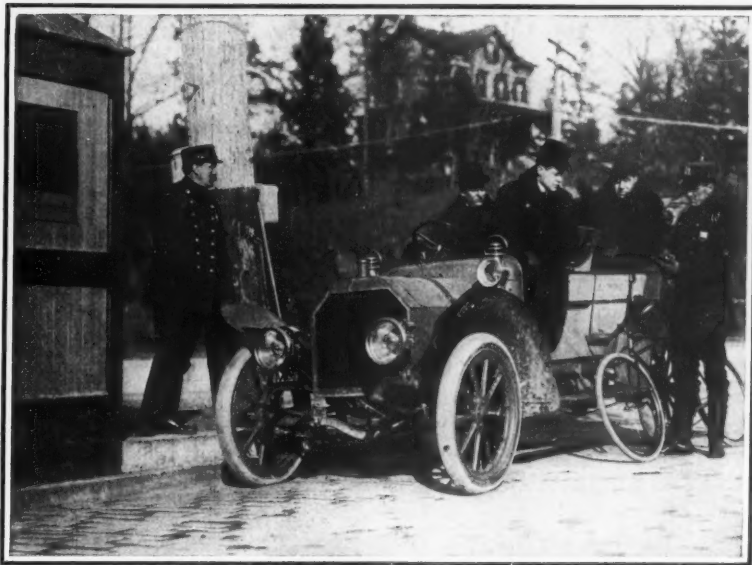
The production of a certain letter from Police Headquarters averted this disaster, and the disgraced car moved on toward Central Park and up along the Hudson over the Lafayette Boulevard, swinging around into Broadway again, where it trails off into green country and raw, new building operations on the fringe of the metropolis.

Here is where the automobile used to be a raging terror to horse and man, where drivers of high-powered machines would "tune up" to speeds of forty and fifty miles an hour. The "bicycle cop" was like a snail after a greyhound when he tried to run down such offenders as these, who went buzzing off into the country, leaving only a laugh and a strong odor of gasoline to reward the panting pursuer.

While Commissioner McAdoo was enjoying an automobile tour in Massachusetts last year, he was captured by an astute person who wore a constable's badge, Peabody by name. The pilgrim felt that he was a private motorist at the time, not a police commissioner, wherefore he stoutly swore that he had kept well inside the speed limit, and stuck to it with the brazen tenacity of the case-hardened offender.

Mr. Peabody proceeded to show him otherwise. He had rigged up a string of signal booths over a measured mile of road, linked by a private telephone line. When the car under suspicion passed the first post, an operator within telephoned its number and description to the next post, together with the time of passing, as shown on a stop-watch. When the car passed Post No. 2, the sentry caught the time by his stop-watch and if it showed a faster gait than the law allowed, he telephoned on to post No. 3 to halt the automobile. It was like clockwork, and as accurate. There was no bluffing such a system as this, and no motorist could make pretence of innocence after his guilt had been recorded by this remorseless invention.

Mr. McAdoo forgot



AT A SIGNAL STATION: BICYCLE OFFICERS WARNING WOULD-BE SCORCHERS

his personal misfortune in the joy of a discovery which would bring up with a round turn the swarm of speedy dodgers on the Lafayette Boulevard and the upper reaches of Broadway. He persuaded Mr. Peabody to forsake his sentry posts and to return with him to New York. The man from Massachusetts tarried for three weeks, set his invention in working order, and then went back to trap the lawless on his native heath.

A Check on Speeding

It is a neat and effective device, as I discovered without the slightest difficulty. It was necessary only to whirl into Broadway at One Hundred and Ninety-seventh Street and pass a modest sentry box at an exhilarating speed. A quarter of a mile beyond another little house was passed and nothing happened. But when the third box hove in sight a sturdy patrolman was posted in the road and his gestures were eloquent. He dove inside, filled out a blank form, after asking many questions, and filed it away as a formal notice of a first "warning." This put the chauffeur, the owner, and the machine on the list of suspicious characters, to be arrested at the second offence. It was a surprisingly detailed document, this damnatory warning, including the time of day, the name of the maker of the machine, the color of the body and the color of the trimmings, the motive power, the name and residence of the chauffeur, the name and residence of the owner and the number of his license, and the rate of speed that got him into trouble.

This system aims rather at prevention than punishment. The man in the sentry box explained:

"Last month, thirty-two hundred automobiles passed this station and we issued one hundred and forty warnings, but we did not make an arrest. The warning was enough. The offenders did not care to monkey with this automatic buzz-saw."



SPEED REGULATIONS IN THE PARK ARE RIGIDLY ENFORCED

The drivers and owners do not view the system as a device for trapping them unawares. They are so friendly disposed toward it that many of them use it to test the speed of their machines, and to gauge their rate of progress so that they may be able to know that they are running within the speed limit on any road. The apparatus is rather complex, for the number of every machine passing either end of the stretch is recorded and telephoned to the next post, with the time of passing in minutes and seconds. This calls for lively work when traffic is heavy on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, but all

day the men in the boxes faithfully catch the passing numbers and send them along over the wire. Then, as the machines whirl past the midway station, the operator glances at his watch and notes the number of seconds elapsed since his comrade called him up. He has only to glance at a card on the wall to know whether the speed is within lawful bounds. For the tabulated figures read like this:

$\frac{1}{4}$ mile in 1 minute	= 15 miles an hour
$\frac{1}{4}$ mile in 45 seconds	= 20 miles an hour
$\frac{1}{4}$ mile in 30 seconds	= 30 miles an hour
$\frac{1}{4}$ mile in 15 seconds	= 60 miles an hour

The table is worked out in much greater detail than this, and every passing car is timed within a mile an hour of its rate of speed. There is no dodging such an apparatus. It is as certain as death or taxes, and a driver who has tried to "beat it" once is not likely to do it again. A similar row of boxes has been installed along the Lafayette Boulevard that skirts the Hudson toward Yonkers.

It is not safe to run away from a bicycle policeman in New York, even if he has no automobile block system. A driver who made a runaway chase of it last autumn left his number in the baffled patrolman's memory, and four months later the victim was nabbed, and held for trial. Nor is it safe to assume that hostility is always brewing between the "cop" and the machine. Now and then they become picturesque allies. It is recorded of a fat patrolman on an uptown beat that he hailed a passing machine with the panting plea:

"A burglar got away from me back here and he's hot-footing it up the avenue with a good lead. Give me a lift and we'll pinch him."

"Glad to oblige," said the driver, and he whirled the policeman in pursuit. The fleeing thief was not looking for an automobile chase, and he was shortly overtaken, neatly swung into the car by the collar and bowled around to the nearest station before he could grasp what had befallen him. On another occasion a canny patrolman hailed a passing car, with the help of which he caught up with a low-browed villain who had taken a horse and buggy and was making good time in the Bronx when the up-to-date captor ranged alongside and made him surrender.

It was a mounted patrolman in Central Park who saw a runaway team gaining on him and had the quickness of mind to shout to the drivers of two high-powered cars. They shattered all speed regulations and roared down upon the runaway like two express trains. One passed to the right of the team, the other swerved to the left, and then, slowly closing in abreast, they blocked the road and neatly made a "pocket," which caused the horse to slacken speed until he could be caught.

A Brave Deed

The mounted men of the New York force have made a brilliant record for dashing bravery in pursuit of runaway teams, but the less spectacular "bicycle cop" has many fine deeds to his credit, especially since the automobile has increased the perils of street traffic. Only the other day Patrolman "Ajax" Whitman, physically the strongest man of the whole New York force, was seriously injured while stopping a runaway that had been caused by a passing automobile. A heavy horse, pulling an ice wagon, bolted into a crowded street at breakneck speed. Whitman rode alongside until he was able to grasp the bridle. Then he kicked his machine out from under him and hung on. He was dragged, as he expected to be, but he hoped to be able to keep clear of the thundering hoofs. The bridle broke, however, and the patrolman went down under the horse and was badly trampled before one wheel passed over both his legs.

Such episodes as these have often happened in the records of the bicycle squad. The automobilists are learning to respect these men and their work. Nearly always the magistrate upholds the policeman's evidence in an arrest for exceeding the eight-mile-an-hour speed limit. The owner or driver who guesses at his speed is not likely to be as accurate as the officer who times a distance by means of a carefully worked out system of time card and stop-watch. Against the opinion of the few irresponsible automobilists who damn all police surveillance as "man traps" must be set the steadily lessening record of accidents and arrests in New York.



THE AUTOMOBILE CARRIES THE TOURIST THROUGH A THOUSAND PICTURESQUE AND PEACEFUL VALLEYS WHICH THE RAILWAY NEVER SEES

AMAZING GROWTH OF MOTOR TOURING

By DAVID LANSING

SO swiftly has the automobile invaded the world of outdoor pastime that the sensation of to-day will be ancient history to-morrow. Only three years ago the editor of a New York magazine thought it worth while to send a writer to Boston to interview Charles J. Glidden, because that motor enthusiast had made a five-thousand-mile summer tour through Europe without a mishap worth mentioning. His pilgrimage was considered noteworthy because nothing happened. So recently as this, the long-distance tourist was looked upon as a daring fellow who risked all sorts of breakdowns, smashups, and strandings far from a base of supplies.

Since then Mr. Glidden has crossed the Arctic Circle in a touring car to win laurels under the caption "Farthest North in an Automobile." He has circled the world in a more ambitious tour, driving his car on every continent, and has led a throng of fellow tourists over the roads of his own country. His pioneer trip of five thousand miles abroad would be utterly commonplace to-day.

Last summer a New York theatrical manager bowled over seventeen thousand miles of European roads, and came home with his car in as good order as when he set forth. He gained much pleasure, but little fame thereby. For the long-distance tour has been removed from the field of sporting hazards. This is because the makers of cars have learned that their prosperity depends, not upon perfecting highly specialized racing machines, but in building the stanch and comfortable roadster that will make good weather of it all over all kinds of roads, and bring its crew to port.

The tourist is helping mightily to make better automobiles and better roads and more livable hotels. He is doubly blessed in reaping dividends in health and a sane mind, while he directly benefits the people of every community among which his pleasant wanderings bear him. If he has the price he is likely to go abroad for his holiday motoring, because he can not find good roads at home. A veteran devotee of long-distance journeys put it this way:

"There are good highways, without interruption, from Madrid, in latitude forty, to Norway, in latitude sixty-four, a distance of twenty-six hundred miles. In this country one can not find a consecutive stretch of highway more than seventy miles in length."

He omitted to give his opinion of the American roads not included in his seventy-mile limitation, for the reason that there were ladies present. American manufacturers and American pluck at the steering wheel have conquered bad roads, however, and the fact that automobile touring at home is feasible was impressively proven by the small army of machines which mobilized at the St. Louis Exposition after driving all the way from the Atlantic Seaboard.

Since then the tourist has come to the front as a factor to be reckoned with in all good roads movements. The State of New York has voted a bond issue of fifty million dollars to make a system of highways. When this money has been spent, New York will swarm with more automobiles than any other like area in the world. All over the country, as highways are improved, the well-to-do farmers and dwellers in small towns will join the ranks of the tourists. Fifty thousand gas engines are used to drive farm machinery in the United States. Their owners are learning the advantages of machine power over horse power, and they will use this power for traveling in steadily increasing numbers.

Even with roads which have survived the dark ages, the tourist in America is driving his car on holiday journeys of five hundred or a thousand miles, where a few years ago he would have hesitated to venture a hundred miles from home. This is partly because of the vast ingenuity evolved to make him comfortable along the way. Even camping out



THROUGH THE PINE LANDS OF MAINE

for a night has been robbed of all hardships. The up-to-date tourist car has luggage carriers, specially devised trunks, folding ladders, screens to fit the sunny side of the car, dust shields, folding seats, and tables

for picnicking *al fresco*, lunch hampers and ice-boxes, electric foot-warmers, and electric stoves for heating food and drink. One of these rubber-tired Pullmans seating four persons should be navigated for from seven to ten cents a mile, taking into account all expenses for tires, storage, gasoline, oil, and wear and tear—everything, in fact, except tribute to the country constable if you happen to be caught speeding on a tempting bit of road. This cost averages about two cents a mile per passenger, or no more than cheap railroad travel. But in the tourist car one can boast as did the man fresh from a European motor jaunt:

"In what other fashion could I pass in a few days through seventeen hundred towns, cities, and hamlets in seven countries, receiving innumerable and vivid impressions of the very heart of these regions?"

It is said that on every pleasant day of the summer, there are four thousand visiting automobilists in Paris. Several hundreds of them, doubtless, are Americans who within the last five years have made the transatlantic motor tour a commonplace affair. Some day, and not many years hence, New York and Chicago and San Francisco will attract a similar patronage of visitors, who will think nothing of motoring several hundred miles, on pleasure and on shopping bent.

Already the touring car is a luxury which the rich man has brought within the reach of the well-to-do. The future trend will be toward making it rather a convenience than a luxury. It is hard to realize that in 1898 there were only thirty automobiles in the United States. In the first six months of the following year the companies for the manufacture of automobiles in this country had a total capital of \$388,000,000. Before 1900, or within three years after the introduction of the pastime, eighty factories in the United States were building machines of two hundred different types.

Seven years after the automobile had been a curiosity in a city street, nearly seven thousand machines were licensed in the State of New York, with a total value of nearly twenty million dollars. But until recently so much was heard of the automobile in racing, fast road performance, and reckless scorching, that the sport overshadowed the pastime. To-day, for every mile driven by the high-powered auto sportsman, fifty are covered by owners who seek recreation and the quiet pleasures of road travel.

It is out of fashion to make case against automobilizing as a demoralizing luxury. The sensational outlay of a few millionaires has ceased to be a considerable factor in the growth of automobilizing.

Last year the annual tour of the American Automobile Association led through New England and the White Mountains. The coming summer will see its members, by hundreds, making the long journey from Buffalo to Montreal and back to New York. Over all conditions of roads and weather this imposing squadron will maintain its planned schedule with the comfort and certainty of a railroad train. Yet such an undertaking for one automobile would have been thought sensational half a dozen years ago.

These tourists of to-day fairly snatch the breath from any onlooker who has not kept up with the times. A recent issue of an automobile magazine discussed with the greatest calmness such topics as "Around the World by Motor" and "A Run Across the Continent."

It has been an American habit among those in the enviable condition known as "having means" to rave about the scenic beauties of their own country, and then inconsistently flee abroad as soon as chance offered. The touring-car is doing a great missionary work in converting these pretenders to a sincere realization of what there is to see in their own land, and they are making the country roads populous from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And the farmer will yet call them blessed, for good roads for all will follow in their wake.



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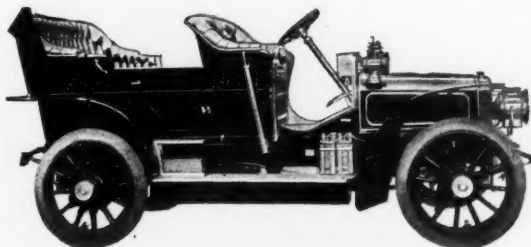


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NOTABLE AUTOMOBILE RACES AND RECORDS FOR THE YEAR 1905

By JOHN R. EUSTIS

ROAD RACING

THE Blue Ribbon event in automobile racing is the annual contest for the Gordon Bennett Cup, in which each of half a dozen countries are represented by a team of three. In 1905 this race was run off on the fifth day of July over the Auvergne Circuit in France, known as the "course of many corners." The distance was 340 miles. For the second time in succession Théry, the famous Parisian driver, won the race by a small margin over the fastest field of racing cars and drivers which has ever met in competition. His low average of 48.5 miles per hour attests the difficult and dangerous character of the course. The feature of this race, aside from Théry's victory, was the marvelous burst of speed shown by Lancia, the Italian, during the first half of the race. He was well in the lead when a broken feed pipe caused his withdrawal. The results of the 1905 Gordon Bennett Cup race follow:

Driver	Country	Car	Time H. M. S.	Average miles per hr.
Théry	France	80 h.-p. Richard-Brasier	7.02.42 3-5	48.5
Nazzaro	Italy	110 h.-p. Fiat	7.19.09 1-5	46.6
Cagno	Italy	110 h.-p. Fiat	7.21.22 3-5	46.4
Caillon	France	80 h.-p. Richard-Brasier	7.27.06 2-5	45.6
Werner	Germany	120 h.-p. Mercedes	8.03.30	42.4

On August 7, the historic race over the Ardennes Circuit in Belgium was run, and resulted in a wonderful exhibition of speed. The circuit is 120 kilometres and the distance of the race 372.8 miles. This is one of the fastest courses in the world, and abounds in straight level stretches of magnificent road. Hemery of France won by 7 minutes, and his time was 30 minutes better than the winner of the 1904 Ardennes Circuit.

The results of the 1905 race are:

Driver	Country	Car	Time H. M. S.	Average miles per hr.
Hemery	France	80 h.-p. Darracq	5.58.32 2-5	62.5
Tart	"	120 h.-p. Panhard	6.05.15	61.2
Le Blon	"	120 h.-p. "	6.22.55	58.3
Wagner	"	80 h.-p. Darracq	6.23.10 1-5	58.2
Heath	"	120 h.-p. Panhard	6.23.20 2-5	58.1

The annual contest for the Florio Trophy was held on September 10, over the Brescia Circuit in Italy. This course contains many steep grades, and there are several controls, both of which tend to make a high speed average impossible. As in the other three big road races of 1905, a majority of the fast cars and well-known drivers competed, and the race was closely contested. The circuit is 167 kilometres, and was covered three times, making the distance of the race 249 miles. An unknown driver, Raggio of Italy, won the race.

The results of the 1905 contest for the Florio Cup follow:

Driver	Country	Car	Time H. M. S.	Average miles per hr.
Raggio	Italy	100 h.-p. Italia	4.46.47 2-5	52.2
Duray	France	120 h.-p. De Dietrich	4.56.20 4-5	48.4
Lancia	Italy	110 h.-p. Fiat	4.57.54 2-5	48.2
Hemery	France	80 h.-p. Darracq	4.58.01 2-5	48.2

The last of the four big road races was for the Vanderbilt Cup, run over the Nassau Circuit on Long Island on October 14. This was the second contest for the trophy given by America's foremost automobilist, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and France, Germany, Italy, and America were each represented by a team of five. The circuit was 28.3 miles, and was covered ten times, making the total distance 283 miles. Hemery, winner of the Belgian Ardennes Circuit, won the race, and Lancia repeated his performance of the Gordon Bennett by covering half the distance at phenomenal speed, and when well in the lead meeting with an accident which cost him many precious minutes. He traveled the first 113 miles of the race at an average speed of 72 miles an hour. One of the features of the race was the winning of third place by Joseph Tracy. This is the first time that an American driving an American car has made a creditable showing in a big road race. The Vanderbilt race is perhaps the most important of all, because the prize is really the lucrative American market.

The results of the Vanderbilt Cup race of 1905 are:

Driver	Country	Car	Time H. M. S.	Average miles per hr.
Hemery	France	80 h.-p. Darracq	4.36.08	61.49
Heath	"	120 h.-p. Panhard	4.39.40	60.72
Tracy	America	90 h.-p. Locomobile	4.58.26	54.4
Lancia	Italy	110 h.-p. Fiat	5.00.31	54.2

STRAIGHTAWAY RACING

With the exception of the kilometre, every straightaway record up to 100 miles was established on the famous Ormond-Daytona Beach Course, Florida, in 1905. These records attest the high rate of speed which the modern racing car is capable of attaining, the mile being covered at a speed of 109 miles an hour. The Ormond-Daytona Beach Course, acknowledged to be the finest in the world, is 20 miles long, 500 feet wide, with a slope of barely one foot in this distance, straight, and its surface of coquina shells as hard as cement. The world's straightaway records, which, with the exception of the mile and kilometre, were made in competition, follow:

Distance	Record H. M. S.	Driver	Car
1 kilometre	21 2-5	Baras	80 h.-p. Darracq
* 1 mile	32 4-5	H. L. Bowden	120 h.-p. Mercedes
1 mile	34 2-5	McDonald	90 h.-p. Napier
5 miles	3.17	"	"
10 "	6.15	"	"
20 "	13.24	E. R. Thomas	90 h.-p. Mercedes
30 "	20.37	"	"
40 "	31.54 2-5	Sartori	90 h.-p. Fiat
50 "	38.51	Fletcher	80 h.-p. De Dietrich
100 "	1.18.24	"	"

* Record not recognized because car was overweight.

TRACK RACING

Automobile track racing is distinctively American, and every world's record, from one to one thousand miles, is held by an American car driven by an American. The fastest time ever made on a track is credited to Webb Jay, who drove a White racer one mile in 48 4-5 seconds on the 1.31 mile circuit at Morris Park, New York, on the 4th of July, 1905. The regulation track is one mile in circumference, and with one exception every record from one to fifty miles is held by Barney Oldfield. The season of 1905 is auspicious in track racing, inasmuch as it witnessed this sport sink from its best to an inglorious end. So many

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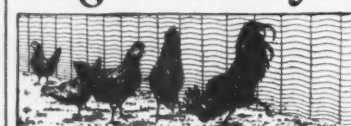
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serious accidents occurred that a ban has been placed on track racing, and it is now a thing of the past. The world's track records follow:

Distance	Record	Driver	Car
	H. M. S.		
1 mile.....	.53	Oldfield.....	60 h.-p. Peerless
5 miles.....	4.41	Chevrolet.....	60 h.-p. Fiat
10 ".....	9.12 3-5	Oldfield.....	60 h.-p. Peerless
20 ".....	18.45 2-5	".....	" " "
30 ".....	28.38 3-5	".....	" " "
40 ".....	38.31 4-5	".....	" " "
50 ".....	48.40 1-5	".....	" " "
1000 ".....	21.58.00 4-5	Clemens and Merz.....	30 h.-p. National
1904 3-16 miles.....	24.....	".....	" " "

HILL-CLIMBING

Although hill-climbing contests are an important branch of automobile sport, and several of these events were run off in Europe in 1905, the annual climb up Mt. Washington, New Hampshire, on July 17 and 18 stands alone, because of the difficult and hazardous character of the course. The road up the mountain is eight miles long and ascends 4,600 feet. The steepest grade is 22 per cent and the average 16 per cent. The best performances in the 1905 contest were:

Time	Driver	Car
20.58 2-5.....	Hilliard.....	60 h.-p. Napier
20.59 1-5.....	Kellogg.....	3 h.-p. Indian Motor Cycle
22.17 3-5.....	F. E. Stanley.....	15 h.-p. Stanley

THE CHAUFFEUR—HIS GRAFT

By LINDSAY DENISON

NOW John knew his chauffeur was honest. John has no chauffeur now; he has no automobile. But about eight months ago John was a person of wealth and he had an automobile, and a chauffeur, and the world was his road map.

I saw that honest chauffeur of John's on the Parkway yesterday. He was better dressed than when he worked for John. He was driving a better car. We turned in at the same road house. I saw that he did not remember who I was, and I said to him:

"That isn't the same car you had six months ago, is it?"

"Ah, no," he replied, with a most wonderful approximation of John's intonation—those honest chauffeurs would, really they would steal the very tones of your voice if they could. "Ah, no, no, no. That was a cheap machine which I took from a friend who was in financial trouble. I have disposed of it since. This is much more satisfactory."

He never knew why I laughed, that former honest chauffeur of John's. He was so accurate. He had "taken a car from a friend who was in financial trouble." It was a beautifully accurate description of John.

They say sanctity has an odor. Good old men "die in the odor of sanctity." The particular brand of sanctity which is affected by chauffeurs is very much on the gasoline. The traditions of the comparatively new trade of driving an automobile have much more to do with the rapidity with which the owner of the automobile can be robbed of his money than with the mechanical side of the business. The automobile driver is one of whom the clear eye, strong grip, and quick decision are to be expected as a matter of course. But far beyond these commonplace qualities has he developed the continuous and imperceptible touch.

John's automobile was taken away from him twice. The first time he bought it back. I had lots of fun watching the game—and there was no use in my interfering with it, because John is a business man and I'm a mere loafer. If the chauffeur did not get his money, somebody else would; I wouldn't.

He was a nice, clean-cut, likely looking sort of fellow, was Barney. In the days when people were enthusiastic about bicycle racing, he had headed a bicycle manufacturer's "racing team," which maintained amateur standards and the popularity of the manufacturer. He had the far-sighted eye which racing folk sometimes develop—a look as though they were always peering ahead at what the sporting writers call "the far turn." I suggested to John that in spite of Barney's cheerful grin and his alert compliance with suggestions and his apparent desire to get the very most out of the car for its owner, there was a suggestion about him of a hungry desire not to overlook the main chance. It seemed possible that he had brought out of his bicycle racing some of the sporting and financial ideals and standards which so distinguished those who followed the bicycle race-tracks. John was very indignant. Barney was honest; John was going to believe him honest until there was proof of his crookedness.

In the second week of his proprietorship, Barney came solemnly around to say that the secondary crank-shaft was broken. It would take a week to replace it; but if Mr. Coggins didn't mind buying a crank-shaft which had been used in another machine and had been taken out to be replaced by another kind of a crank-shaft, why, Barney knew where he could get one. A new shaft would cost \$40; this second-hand shaft of which Barney knew could be bought for \$25; and of course it was as good as new; there was nothing the matter with it. John was tremendously pleased.

"See," said he, "what it is to have an experienced man. I pay him \$35 a week. Of course I could get a boy, a beginner, for \$20. But right here in my second week I get a return for paying fairly good wages which is entirely outside and beyond the skill, security, and faithfulness to duty which I pay for. You fellows can sneer at Barney Weeks all you want. I'm mighty glad I have him. He's worked for the Astors and the Vanderbilts and the Fishes, and he knows what's right and how to get them done right. So of course I can't pinch down on him and be mean."

It was remarkable, that ability of Barney's to pick up second-hand parts to replace things in John's car which broke. It really seemed as though the man was saving John some money. But one night, Fred Burton, who had come to a realizing sense of wealth and a desire to own an automobile at about the same time that the notion captured John, was telling us about a marvelous chauffeur he had just acquired.

"Of course," said Fred, "I do pay Peter a good high price for his services—that is, considering that I have not an expensive machine and have gone into things very economically. But he saves me such a lot of money on repairs. Of course, a new machine is bound, as he explains, to develop a great many weak points. And as the parts break they must be replaced. This man Peter of mine has a most wonderful facility for replacing those parts cheaply with second-hand parts."

"Who is this Peter?" I asked.

"His name is Peter Weeks," explained Fred. "He was once a champion bicycle rider. He and one or two brothers of his had what they called a 'team' and traveled around the country advertising some make of bicycle or other."

Fred fairly glowed in his enthusiastic appreciation of Peter. First-off there had been a broken secondary crank-shaft. (Don't laugh; I didn't.) Then there had been defective sparkers, and transmitters, and bent feed-pipes, and stretched chains, and all the rest. Fred made figures on a pad and said that if he had been obliged to buy all these parts new, he would have paid out as much, nearly, as the car cost him. It was the same make of car, by the way, as John Coggins's.

Maybe, now, you begin to see the point of my saying that John lost his car twice. It was sold piecemeal to Fred, by Pete Weeks, Barney's brother. And John bought Fred's machine piecemeal from Pete, through Barney. Fred was



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And, after Nerve and Brain have extracted all they can use of this vegetable Phosphorus the residue builds Bone.

These are the three things,—viz., Nerve, Brain, and Bone,—that White Bread, and many other Foods, cannot build, or are very deficient in building. And these three things are the greatest needs of the Human Race to-day.

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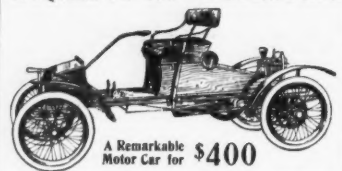
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a more approachable sort of a customer than John, and I told him what was going on. He discharged Peter. His car still requires repairs. But the new chauffeur doesn't believe in second-hand parts. He buys them new—and gets twenty-five per cent rake-off from the dealer. If you don't think that probable, cultivate a proper and friendly relationship with a dealer, persuading him that you act as your own chauffeur: he will tell you that the price of automobile extra parts is the actual stock price plus the amount the purchasing chauffeur says that the owner of the machine will pay without squealing—and the excess is paid back to the chauffeur, allee same railroad rebate.

But it was interesting to observe that Barney, John's man, was still exhibiting his wonderful ability to pick up second-hand parts that would fix up John's machine on short notice. I walked over to the garage with John one day. Something had gone wrong with the slow-speed gear-clutch. Barney had it out on the floor and was clucking and sighing over it at a great rate.

"Nothing for it, Mr. Coggins," he said; "we'll have to get a new one. But I think I know where there is one."

John looked at him admiringly. But while the scamp was upstairs I took a brush out of a pot of white paint on the floor, scraped the grease out of a little segment of the inner rim of the clutch, and dabbed in a splash of white paint. I persuaded Johnny to wait, while Barney wrapped up the discarded clutch and went out to hunt another. Barney came back in half an hour. He had a clutch in his hand. I asked him to let me see it. It gave me some pleasure to observe that so carefully had he duplicated the "broken" clutch he had taken away that he had even reproduced my little dab of white paint on the inner rim. John was exchanging with himself, now, apparently.

I tried to reason with John after that. But no, I was a pessimist with a morbid Sherlock Holmes mind and a melodramatist. He didn't see why I was always meddling with things outside my business; he didn't want to be nasty, but he hadn't observed that my business acumen and sagacity had yet rewarded me to the point where I felt that I could afford to own a car of my own. When John begins to talk like that I fall back on the pleasures of sociological observation and curse myself for ever trying to be a philanthropist.

And there was lots of fun coming to me from the gentle occupation of watching Barney transfer John's bank account to himself, aside from the joy of observing the repair graft. John never took me around much in his car. He said the way I talked and acted about it spoiled all his pleasure. But he did take a notion one evening that he wanted to take me down to Elberon and feed me. He called up the garage and asked for Barney. It was pitiful to see his face while he was listening to Barney's talk at the other end of the wire.

"All right," he said sadly, and hung up the receiver and groaned. "Barney says," he explained, "that the gasoline tank is leaking badly; that the steering-chain is sprung, and that there seems to be a split ball in the bearings of the rear axle. I guess it's off. I seem to be getting stuck harder every day. Of course I don't mind the money," (he didn't say that as cheerfully as I had heard him); "but I'm missing such a lot of fun."

I tried to cheer him by asking him to trust himself to a train and go along to some other beach anyway. He would not be comforted. He was so grumpy that I went off by myself down to Manhattan.

It was terribly dull for a while. And then there was a swish of skirts and a flutter, and an automobile party swooped down on the table next me. They were having such a good time that as soon as I might I turned and looked them over. The host was Barney. The ladies were very good to look at. One who enjoyed hearing the latest news about the head floor-walker's flirtation with the millinery buyer, and the horrid effect it was having on the soup demonstrator in the grocery department, might have found them nice to talk to. But they fairly worshipped Barney. They thought it was so nice of him to take them out in his automobile as often as he did. They didn't know how they would have got through the summer without him. I wandered away—Barney hadn't noticed me—and took a look at the car they had come down in. Sure! Why, of course! It was John Coggins's.

Thus it was made manifest to me that when your chauffeur wants to take a night off and use your car it is better to let him understand that he may have it. Otherwise he will take it anyway, and by way of an excuse pile up repairs which will amply pay whatever expense he may be put to in the way of entertaining his friends. (Champagne and broiled lobster absorbed the proceeds of the leaking gasoline tank, the sprung steering chain, and the split ball-bearing, in Barney's case, apparently.)

John gave up his car late this fall. He also moved into a cheaper apartment. He doesn't keep a man any more; a girl comes in once a day and tidies up the place. And he is more amenable to sociological argument than he was. We have reached a common ground, so to speak. He has admitted that he made a great ass of himself about Barney. I have admitted that Barney isn't any worse than any other chauffeur one is likely to pick up in the automobile district. He has admitted that a mild interest in other people's business is not a crime. I have admitted that he was in great luck that Barney didn't take out a crowd of disreputable persons, run down and mangle the fair-haired child of an honest workman, and give John's name as his own and the car as security. (It wouldn't have been beyond Barney; he was wearing John's overcoat that night at the Manhattan and was telling the ladies how he and "Jimmy Hyde were great chums in Freshman year at Yale.")

But I was telling of meeting Barney at the road house, where he didn't recognize me. It was perfectly plain that he remembered my face, but that he couldn't place me. While I was buying a cigar he came over and spoke to me. He was sorry, he said, but he couldn't remember my name. I told him it was Holmes. That didn't recall anything to him naturally, and he chatted uneasily, sparring for wind.

"As you know," he said, "I'm in the automobile business. I find that I can get a great deal of pleasure out of the sport for myself; yes, sir. And then four or five nights a week I rent my own car out. It's a very nice car—you saw it. I get \$5 an hour for it, and when I haven't anything else to do I drive it myself, without an extra charge. It relieves the person who hires it of responsibility.

In fact, this party I have with me to-night is a paying party. Would you like to take my name, sir, and telephone number? If you ever need a machine at night, call me up, sir—"

He broke off suddenly; glancing over his shoulder, he slid out into the hall and I heard the door slam. There was a sound of a starting automobile outside and a flash of searchlights past the windows. A waiter came in with a message to the party which had come with Barney, saying that their chauffeur would "be back later."

A puzzled-looking portly gentleman bustled up to me.

"Pardon me," he said, "but were not you talking to a young man here just now?"

"I was."

"Would you mind telling me who he was? Most extraordinary resemblance to my chauffeur. Yet it's quite impossible. Sent for him to-night and he reported that the lanterns of my car had all been smashed by the carelessness of another driver in the garage. I told him to get another car and he said that he had cut his hands so with the broken glass that he couldn't drive. And so I went to a public garage and got another car and another chauffeur. But the resemblance was so extraordinary! I hope you will pardon me for asking you who the young man was."

After all, it was none of my business. If Barney didn't get rich out of this man, some other chauffeur would. Barney had never done anything to me. So I said:

"He is one of a well-known family of chauffeurs, the Weeks brothers. There's Peter and Barney and one or two others."

"Ah, yes," sighed the fat gentleman; "that explains it. That was doubtless Peter. My man is Barney Weeks."

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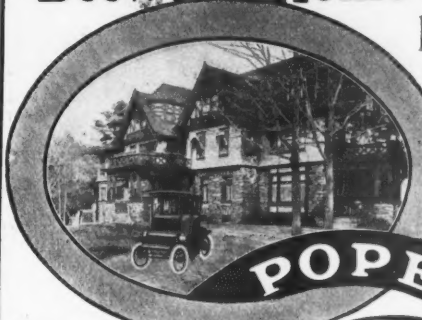
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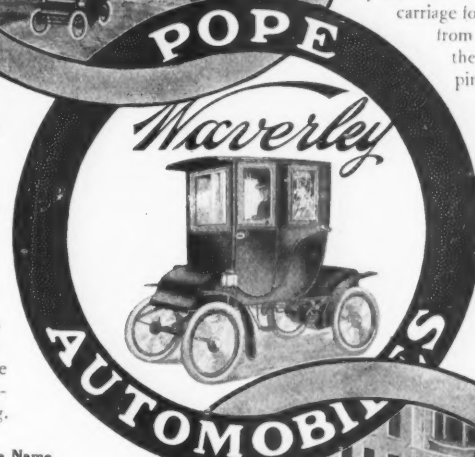
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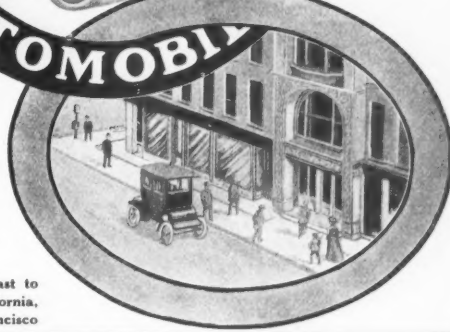
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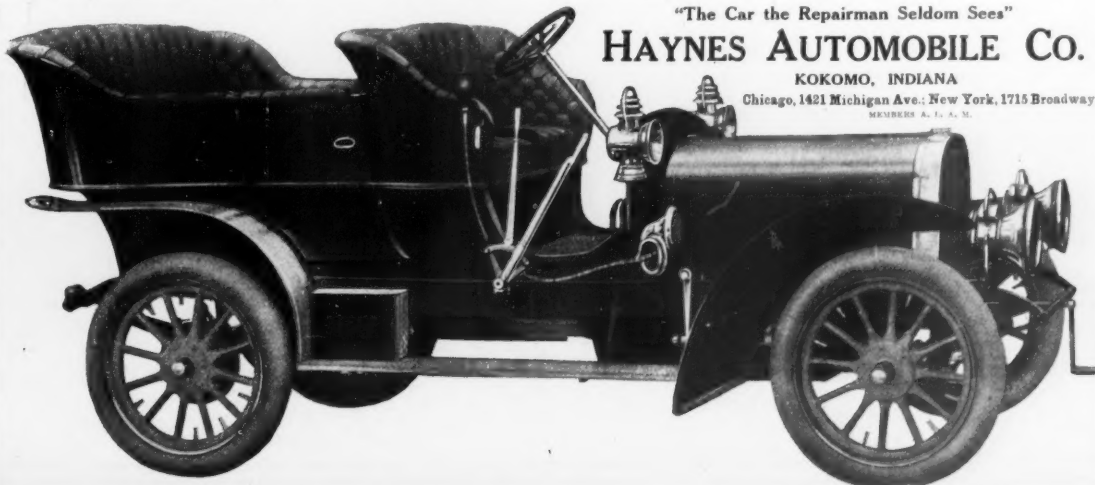
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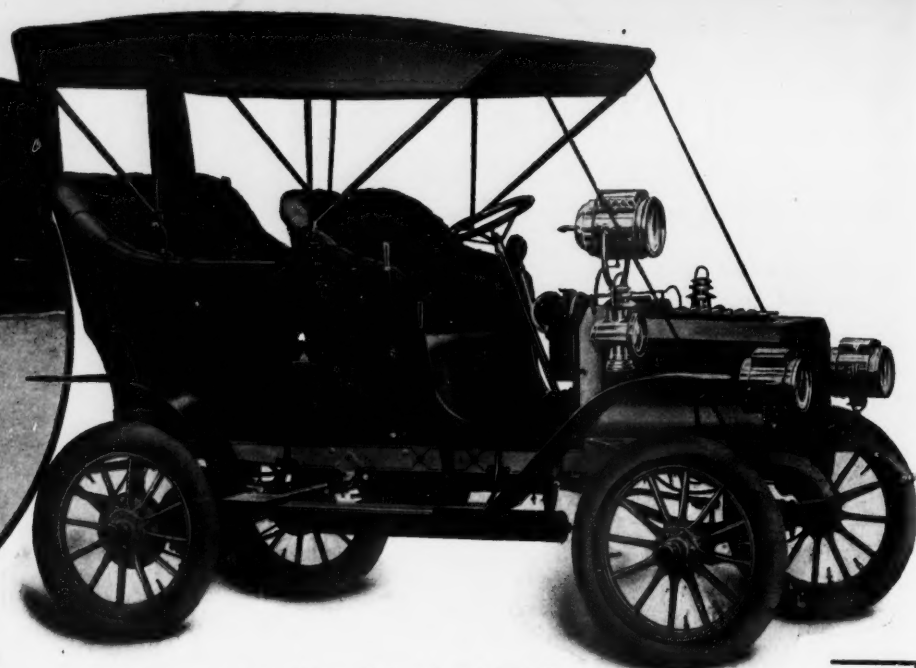
Model R

Vertical roller-bearing engines. Cylinders cast separately, 5½x6 inches, 30 H. P. An exclusive transmission that absolutely prevents stripping of gears. Positive cooling system. Individual and special lubrication. Master Clutch has metal faces and takes hold without jerking. Shaft drive. Exclusive universal joints that prevent wear on pins. Sprocket and Roller Pinion and perfect Rear Axle, all exclusive. Roller-bearings throughout. 10½-inch wheel base, 54 inch tonneau, seating five people. Four to 60 miles an hour on high gear. Weight, 2,750 pounds. Price, \$3,300. f.o.b. Kokomo. Full equipment.



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